

MAGAZINE OF ART



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The Leadership of Giorgione

by DUNCAN PHILLIPS

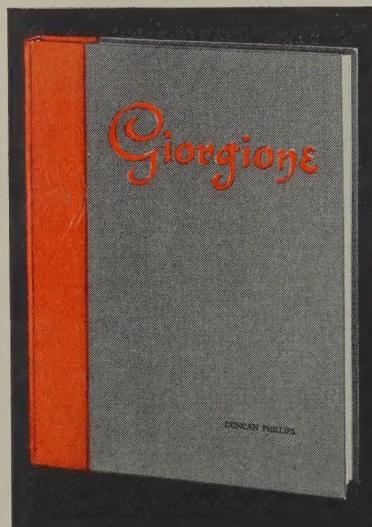
WITH A NOTE BY H. G. DWIGHT

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THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS

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PREVIOUS ISSUES LISTED IN "ART INDEX" AND "THE READER'S GUIDE TO PERIODICAL LITERATURE"

CONTRIBUTORS

STILL UNDER FORTY, Aaron Copland has already made an important place for himself in American music. His autobiographical article which appears in this issue (page 522) is written with the clarity and directness one would expect of him. His early training in what has been nicknamed the "Boulangerie" in Paris did not prevent him from becoming one of the most ardent exponents of a genuinely native musical expression. From 1928 to 1931 he and Roger Sessions organized



Aaron Copland

the Copland-Sessions Concerts in New York to present programs of contemporary American music. Mr. Copland has long been active in the League of Composers and was first director of the American Festival of Contemporary Music at Yaddo, Saratoga Springs. He lectures at the New School of Social Research, and during the present summer season has reached a wider circle of listeners as commentator for the Lewisohn Stadium broadcasts. Mr. Copland has written several books (his latest one, *What to Listen for in Music* was reviewed in our April, 1939, issue) and is a frequent contributor of articles on musical subjects to a number of periodicals.

In a recent letter Mr. Copland tells us of his most impressive list of performances. His *Salon Mexico* since its first performance in Mexico City in the summer of 1937 has been given in the following places: New York, Boston, Chicago, Los Angeles, Cincinnati, Brooklyn, New Haven, and in London, Paris and Amsterdam under the following conductors: Carlos Chavez, Sir Adrian Boult, Serge Koussevitzky, Artur Rodzinski, Eugene Goosens, I. Solomon, Charles Munch and Frieder Weissmann. In that the American music public can take vicarious pride.

Articles in the MAGAZINE OF ART represent many points of view. We do not expect concurrence from every quarter, not even among our contributors; we believe that writers are entitled to express opinions which differ widely. Although we do not assume responsibility for opinions expressed in any signed articles appearing in the MAGAZINE OF ART, we hold that to offer a forum in our pages is the best way to stimulate intelligent discussion and to increase active enjoyment of the arts.—THE EDITORS.

Werner Haftmann who discusses some interesting aspects of Sienese Renaissance sculpture this month is a German art historian who has recently been working at his nation's Art History Institute at Florence. For the translation of Dr. Haftmann's article we are indebted to Mrs. Alice M. Sharkey of the Whitney Museum of American Art, New York City.

AS SOON AS **Kindred McLeary**'s mural panels in the Madison Square Postal Station, New York, were installed we had them photographed for reproduction with Mr. McLeary's article this month. Although the artist shows suitable reticence about evaluating the decorations, others enthusiastically hail them as his best work so far, and one of the very best jobs completed for the Section of Fine Arts.

TO REGULAR READERS of the Magazine **Howard Devree's** name is already familiar as the critic who writes of many New York exhibitions for us. This month Mr. Devree writes of an artist for whom he has the greatest admiration. Appreciation has led him to real knowledge of her work—hence this article. Mr. Devree is selecting the exhibition of prints and drawings by Käthe Kollwitz being circulated by the Federation.

Frank W. Sterner and Rutherford J. Gettens run the WPA Federal Art Project's Paint Testing and Research Laboratory. Mr. Sterner is Technical Director of the Massachusetts Federal Art Project. Mr. Gettens, a Fellow for Technical Research at the Fogg Art Museum, Cambridge, has been Technical Advisor to the Laboratory since 1937. Mr. Sterner has been with the Project since 1935.

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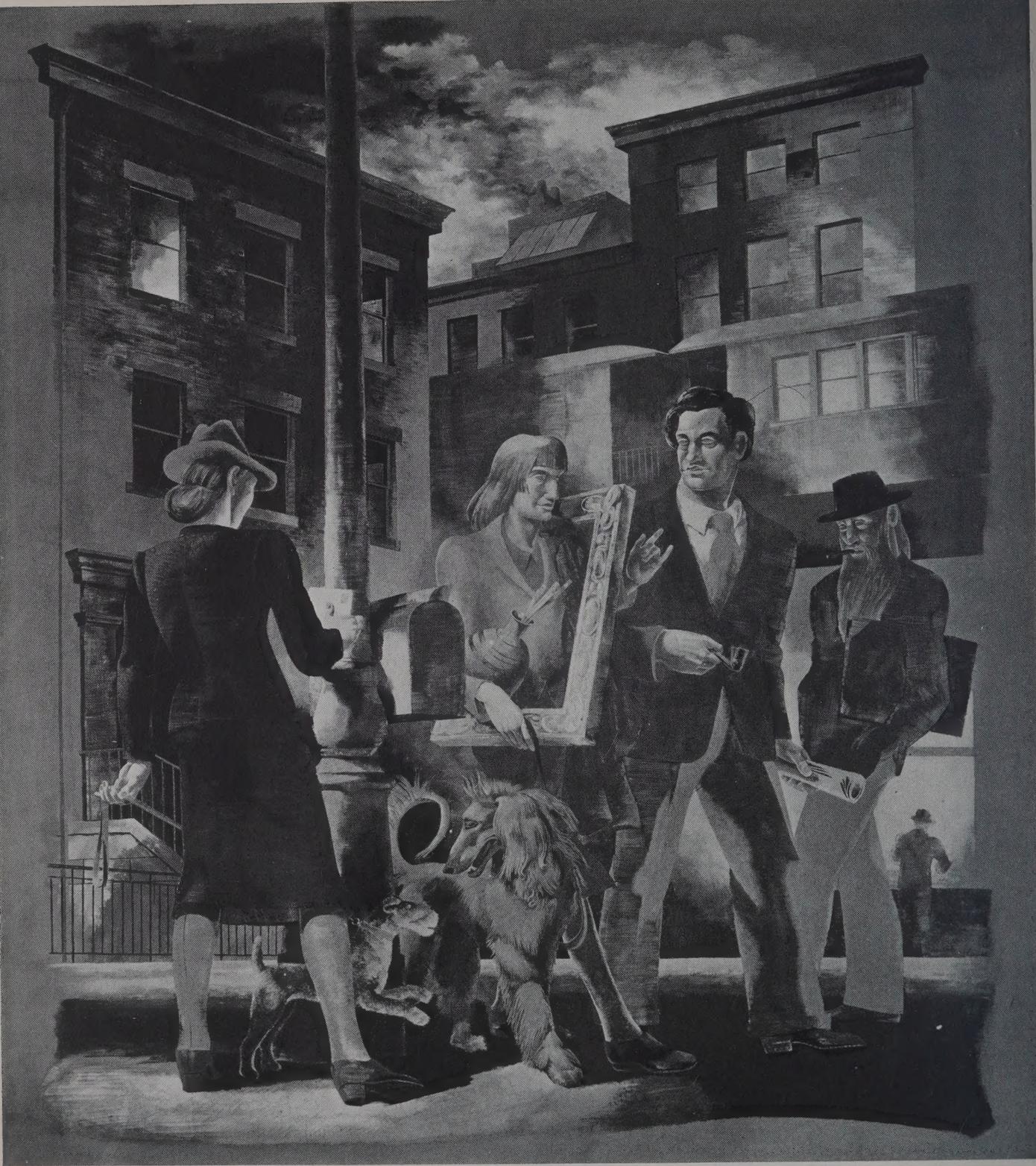


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KINDRED MC LEARY: GREENWICH VILLAGE. TEMPERA MURAL, MADISON SQUARE POSTAL STATION, NEW YORK CITY

PAINTING AS STRUCTURE

BY KINDRED McCLEAR Y

I WAS BORN December 3, 1901, the son of a country doctor. I always liked to draw. My mother and aunts, as girls, dabbled at painting, as did many young ladies of their time. A cousin, Bonnie McLeary, gained recognition as a sculptress. Nevertheless, it was my purpose to become a surgeon until, when I was nearly ready for college, my father himself dissuaded me. I entered the course in architecture at the University of Texas. At the end of my junior year I went with a party of students to spend a summer at the school for Americans in Fontainebleau. Our group was a revelation in ignorance to the French teachers. We had learned hardly anything of the basic principles of design at Texas. We floundered; the summer was lovely and the allurements of France, seen for the first time, were too much for us. We did almost no work. We did discover, however, that M. Jacques Carlu was a most excellent teacher and the ensuing winter some of us followed him to Rome where he was going to prepare his last envoi as holder of the Grand Prix in architecture. No better teacher could be imagined than M. Carlu and that winter with him in Rome was one of the most stimulating experiences of my life. As much painter as architect, he incited my first serious interest in painting.

Back in Texas I graduated at the University, went briefly to an architect's office in Florida and thence to New York where I soon found myself in Joseph Urban's scenic studio. Here I learned something of workmanlike methods in turning out a job, but as there was no opportunity to design I tired of the work after a few months and left. In New York City again I pretended to freelance, in reality staving off starvation by doing an occasional book-jacket, and having generally the wonderful time of a country boy in the big city. I assisted Carlu on a mural job in Boston and then, after two years away from home, returned to Texas to teach in the University. Falling afoul of the bluestockings by making home brew in the Prohibition era, however, I was requested to leave toward the end of the year.

I came to Carnegie Institute of Technology in Pittsburgh the following year and have taught architectural design there ever since. I have never had much desire to enter current architectural practice. With a field of clients the great majority of whom lean toward that ignorant eclecticism which is pretty well explained in part, at least, by Baker Brownell in the book on which he collaborated with Frank Lloyd Wright with public prejudice dead set against the school of design which seeks to take advantage of contemporary thought and technie, because such design is "unusual"; and with actual city ordinances often such as to preclude the possibility of designing well, a man must, to practice architecture today, either be blind to certain verities, or willing to make the best of a bad situation, or be a militant salesman or evangelist, or be able to identify his activity with some vague and nostalgic cult of beauty—or just not give a damn. I have never been able to qualify. Teaching at least allows time in which to cul-

tivate convictions and liberty to entertain them. And thin and unreal as the exercises of the classroom are, they at least permit practice of the negative virtue of abstaining from building "Colonial" houses and "Greek" banks. A weak attitude, but I can't help it.

During my years at Carnegie Tech I have shared the water color class with a colleague, and even in the years before I began to take painting seriously I got a good deal of practice in the handling of water color. In my own work done outside class hours, however, I was continually trying to do in water color things which the medium would not permit; continued failures were discouraging. The strange inertia which prevented my trying media more suitable to my purposes also for a while deprived me of the stimulus which I needed. When I began to adapt the means to the end, the results were much more encouraging. I have often had occasion to note the importance of method. Labor-saving devices are invaluable and the right tools and procedure, indispensable.

I have dabbled at painting for years—and mere dabbling it was—until a few years ago a competition announced by what is now the Section of Fine Arts for three murals in the Federal Court House and Post Office in Pittsburgh attracted my attention as a real challenge to a would-be designer. I had formulated theories about mural design and now I would try them out. I worked long and hard on my design in the sky-lighted attic studios at Tech that are hotter in the summer than any stoke-hold, and at length, to my great joy, won one of the commissions. Then I ceased to dabble. I have found that the way to learn to paint is to stand in front of your easel all day, every day, the year round. Even so, progress is slow enough. I have found my architectural training invaluable. Aside from giving some familiarity with the tools and methods of graphic representation the study of architecture trains one in an appreciation of structure. This is of enormous value to the painter in general and, I should think, indispensable to the mural painter. One sees all kinds of paintings on walls—glorified illustrations, airy and atmospheric whimsies, groups of figures and objects more or less photographically portrayed, the individual figures and objects asserting their individual identities—and too often these things, lacking a sort of architectural organization, seem out of place on a wall.

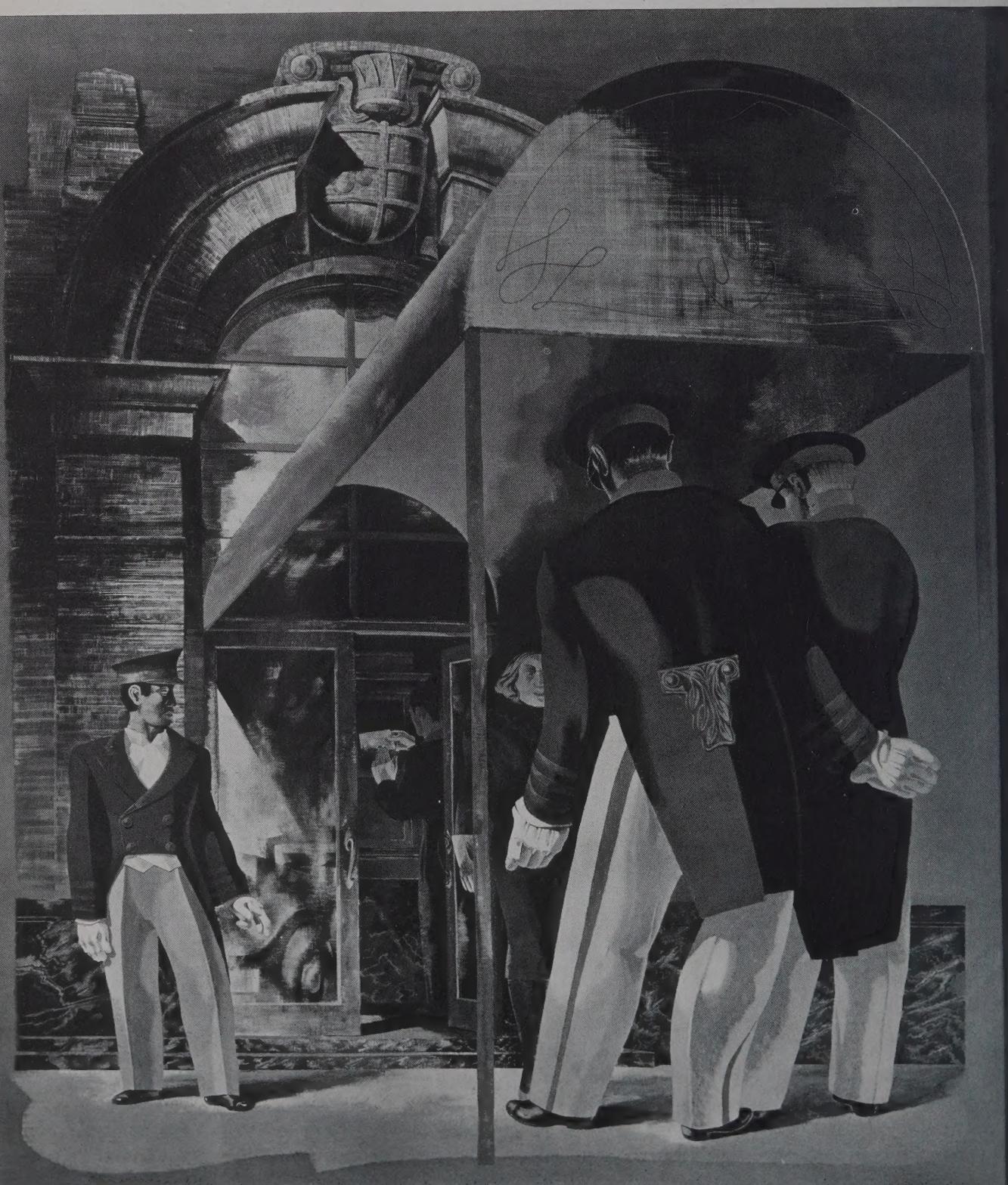
Moreover, the study of architecture trains one's sense of scale, and in some mural problems a proper scale is difficult to achieve and is of crucial importance. Also, no doubt, architectural training imparts a respect for the importance of the relationships between the parts of a building; and a good mural is inalienably a part of the building it occupies. It is a part of the wall on which it is placed and should not disregard or violate the surface of that wall. And a good mural should achieve a definite relationship with the architectural features which are to be seen with it, bad though they may be (and they are often pretty bad). If a mural painting could be removed from one wall to another which it suited equally well, I doubt very much that it would be acceptable on either.

In my design for the Pittsburgh Court House I was scrupu-

lously careful to achieve a relationship with the surrounding architecture. The design is based on a system of rectangles of the same proportion as the enclosing rectangle; the diagonals are parallel or perpendicular to the slope of the pediment which cuts into the panel at the bottom center; the flanking pilasters are brought into relation by dark rectangular masses in the pattern of the mural which step downward toward the center from the upper corners; the white at the ceiling flows down and in; the colors which predominate are those of the

walls, woodwork and marble trim. The thing is stiff, without doubt, but its relation to the architectural surroundings is unmistakable, and that was what I was after.

In speaking of the influences of architectural training on the work of a painter, I do not wish to omit mention of the handicaps. I have found that the habits of the drafting room inhibit my freedom as a painter, impelling me to make a meticulous drawing and then "render" it, and also giving rise to what is probably an exaggerated anxiety about the struc-



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TEMPERA MURALS BY KINDRED MC LEARY, MADISON SQUARE POSTAL STATION, NEW YORK CITY. *Left: PARK AVENUE. Above: EAST SIDE*

ture of the work with a resulting excessive deliberation in trying to attain a faultless structure. The result is a net advantage, however, since it raises the disciplinary problem of working one's way into free designing without losing the structural basis. My own real emancipation from the tyranny of "rendering" came about when I took a night course under Alexander Kostellow of Carnegie Tech. Sketches I had been making for a number of years indicated a persistent groping

for some means of release from the rigidities of rendering, but I had never managed to strike a clear trail. Mr. Kostellow showed me the way. I think his theories derive from those of Hans Hoffmann, though I may be wrong. At any rate, he himself has undoubtedly made a great personal contribution in the way of clarification and presentation. He showed me how pattern could to a large extent be emancipated from form. That was a great revelation to me. I think this principle is of



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KINDRED MC LEARY: BROADWAY. TEMPERA MURAL, MADISON SQUARE POSTAL STATION, NEW YORK CITY

the greatest importance to the mural painter. A group of figures and objects, each proclaiming loudly its individual identity and asserting its contours, may be hard to reconcile with the geometrically bounded plane of a wall. But immerse these figures in a pattern which in its geometric quality, its abstractness, is attuned to the geometricality and abstractness of the wall, and you begin to achieve a mural design. Or so I believe.

• • •
IN MY MURALS for the Madison Square Postal Station, New York City, I tried to break away from the stiffness which characterized my Pittsburgh panel. As to the success of this effort in producing satisfactory murals, I shall not be able to form any personal conclusion until the lapse of time enables me to look at the work with detachment.

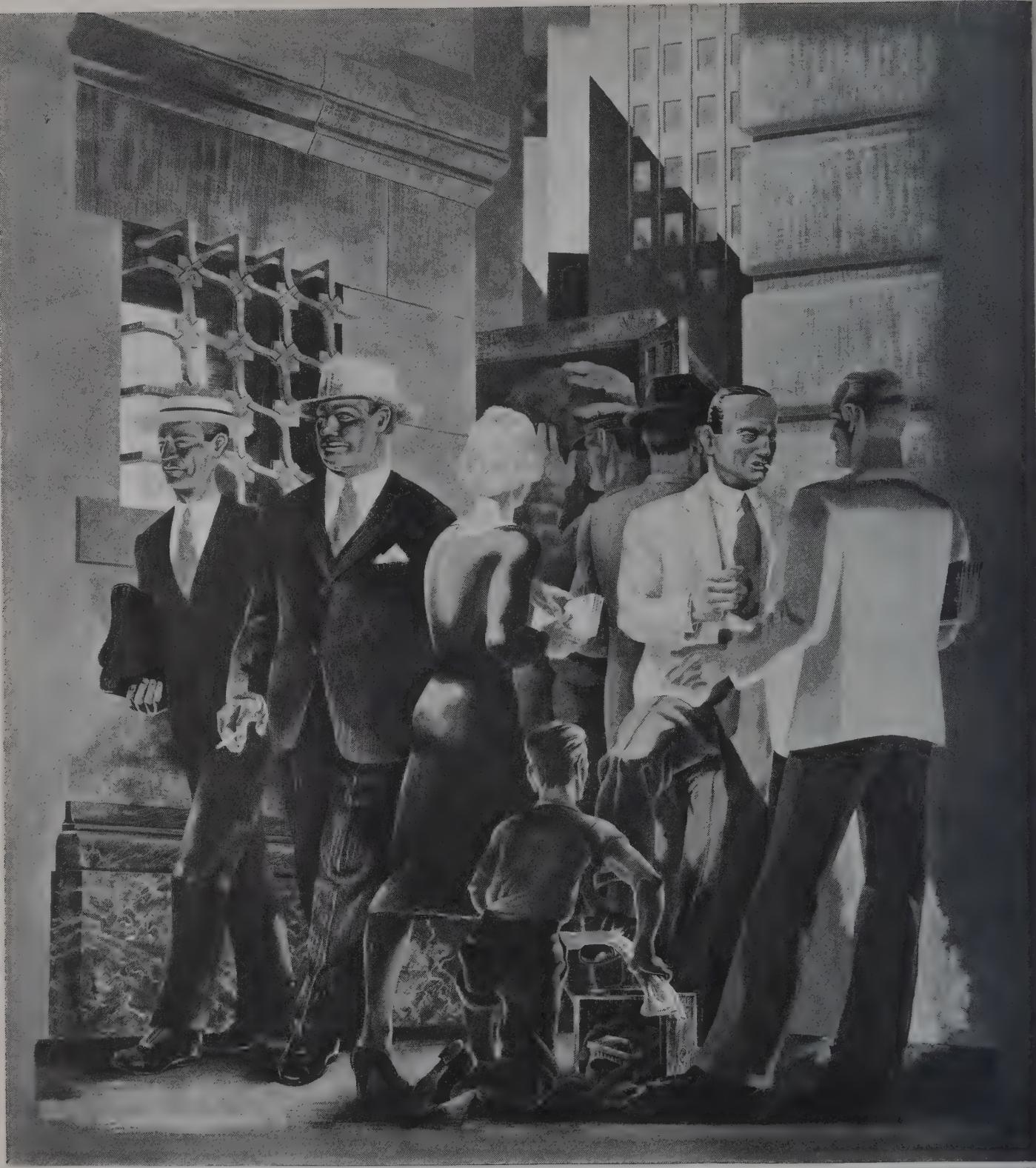
It was the special desire of Mr. Lorimer Rich, architect



KINDRED MC LEARY: HARLEM. TEMPERA MURAL, MADISON SQUARE POSTAL STATION, NEW YORK CITY

of the building, that the paintings should not destroy the integrity of his wall, and in this I thoroughly agreed. A rather strong terra-cotta color was chosen for the walls and we determined to use as much as possible of this color in the paintings. It was my feeling, too, that the designs should be worked out in rather bold masses of dark and light, so that they would hold their own against the large blank areas of terra-cotta colored wall which flanked them and would recall,

also, the value and occasionally the color of the dark green marble wainscot. This scheme was followed, in preference to that of presenting the designs purely in line on the terra-cotta background. This last mentioned method would have been the best, I felt, if the walls had not been broken by recesses, and if it had been possible to cover the whole wall with one big linear design; but linear designs in the recesses, separated by large blank wall spaces would, I feel certain,



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KINDRED MC LEARY: WALL STREET. TEMPERA MURAL, MADISON SQUARE POSTAL STATION, NEW YORK CITY

have appeared feeble and inadequate. Hence my decision. Casein was chosen for the painting medium; chiefly because it dries perfectly matt. A medium imparting even the slightest gloss to the surface would have been unsatisfactory because it would have caused reflections from the strip lighting which is used and would have made it impossible for an observer standing anywhere in the lobby to see all the values in their proper relationship.

Mural paintings must have subject matter and must be intelligible, I suppose, to the majority of the public. Though one tends sometimes to regret this, at least the principle has the virtue of imposing definite limitations. I chose as subjects for the Madison Square murals street scenes in different parts of New York City, because the many differences in character between the various parts of town had always interested me. The figures were drawn from a stock of memories collected

in the course of many walks about town, and from a series of quick sketches I made on a tour of observation just before beginning work. I tried to impart to each panel, by various means, what I felt to be the general flavor—if I may use the word—of the section of the city represented. Some panels I made hard-edged and matter-of-fact, and others I made somewhat hazy, enveloped in a meretricious rosy glow. Some are bathed in the bright light of mid-day, others immersed in the crepuscular glimmer of dusk.

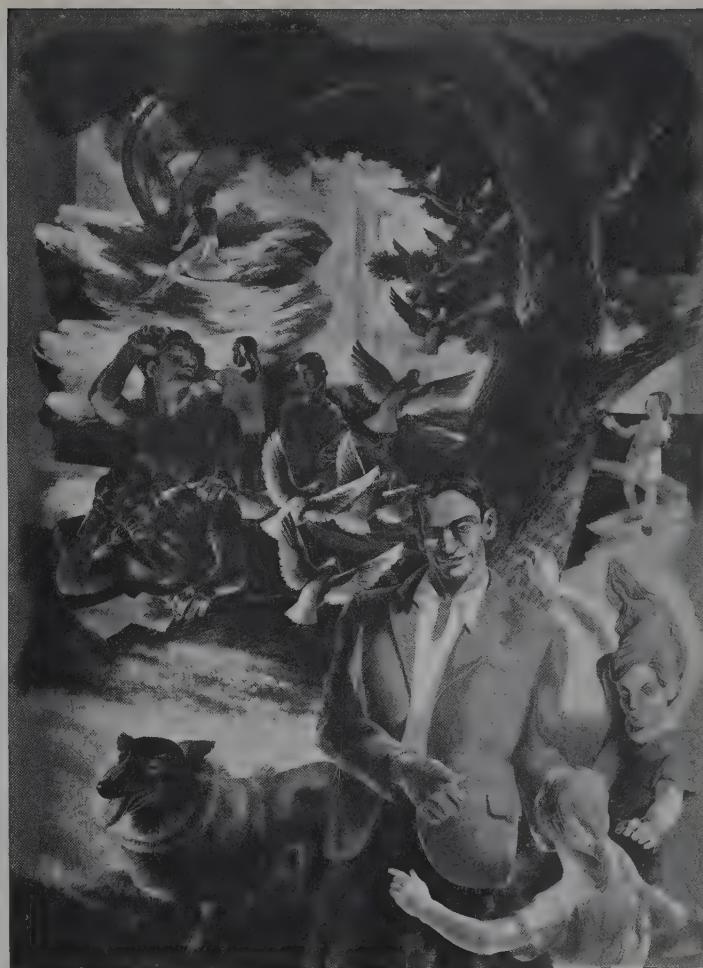
In trying to adapt more or less realistic drawing to the sort of decorative scheme I regarded as appropriate, I composed the figures together with an abstract pattern of light and dark, the edges of which were sometimes defined by the edges of the figures, but more often were not. Thus, for carrying power across the wide lobby, it was possible to achieve a pattern larger and more free than could have been had by adhering more strictly to the contours of the figures.

It is my belief that abstraction in pattern, combined with more or less realistic drawing, has many uses in decoration. It seems that through this combination one can greatly extend the decorative possibilities of "realistic" material, evoke moods, and accomplish other objectives—all this without mystifying too much (and thus exasperating) the bulk of the public for which murals are ostensibly painted.

But there are other phases of the study of abstraction in which I personally find still more interest. I must confess that I am one of those to whom abstractions which do not include symbols identifiable with general human experience are lacking in deep meaning. The definition of abstraction which I have heard attributed to Wilfred Read of Carnegie Tech appeals to me: "An abstraction depicts the essence abstracted out of a thing." The essence, with everything inconsequential left out. And I think this essence should be recognizable to the average intelligent and sensitive person. The Negroes in their sculpture have sometimes achieved such abstractions.

A painting of a dancer arrested at an instant of her movement seems to me a futile thing, however well done; for the dancer and her dance, with the music that accompanies it, form a composite entity transcending any component part, and evoking implications intimately associated with the life of man from the beginning to the present. Writing could portray such a composite thing, and I believe that painting could. A 'cellist playing, just as he would look to the eye if you set him up in the studio under the proper light, might furnish a painting subject. But I feel that in such a painting the important things would be left out. Is it impossible to the abstract painter to portray the production of a 'cello tone, with the warm and mellow connotations that such a tone might evoke in the hearer?

Perhaps preoccupation with such matters as these are vain and unprofitable, and the confession of them will render me suspect among my fellows. But I am writing a confession, and am ready, in the heat of the effort of dragging out my credo, to confess the worst.



KINDRED MC LEARY: MURALS, MADISON SQUARE POSTAL STATION, NEW YORK. *Above: Central Park. Below: Staten Island*



Figures from the *Fonte Gaia*, Palazzo Publico, Siena, the one to the left by Jacopo della Quercia and Francesco di Valdambrino, the one to the right by della Quercia alone. (Photos courtesy of the author)

DELLA QUERCIA AND SIENESE SCULPTURE

BY WERNER HAFTMANN

THE ATMOSPHERE of Siena was evidently unfavorable to the development of a great school of monumental sculpture. At a period when the great painters Duccio and Simone Martini lived within its walls, the carvings for the façade of its cathedral were executed by a band of Pisan sculptors, and it is from this artistic heritage that later Sienese sculptors drew inspiration for the single important commission offered by the City Fathers—the decorations for the Cappella di Piazza.

Those works which really breathe a Sienese spirit—the sculptures by Maitani on the façade of the cathedral at Orvieto, for instance, or the works of Giovanni d'Agostino have,

in their unassuming and intimate quality, been neglected alike by art lovers and by art research.

Mention of Italian sculpture brings Florence immediately to mind—the Florence of the early Renaissance which offered such a wealth of grandiose projects—statues for the façade of its cathedral, for the Campanile, for Or San Michele and the doors of the Baptistery, whereas Siena contented itself with a christening font and the *Fonte Gaia*, the fountain in the City Square.

This was the environment in which a sculptor of genius, Jacopo della Quercia, had to make his place. He was, to use a definition of German Romanticism, a man "of unrivalled individuality," an individuality freely acknowledged by Michelangelo himself. Seemingly detached from his environ-

ment, deriving in his early period from the tradition of minor north Italian sculpture, he became the founder and chief representative of Early Renaissance Sienese sculpture. In so episodic a fashion, however, that were it not that Federighi employed him on sculptures for the Mercanzia, it would be difficult to establish his artistic development.

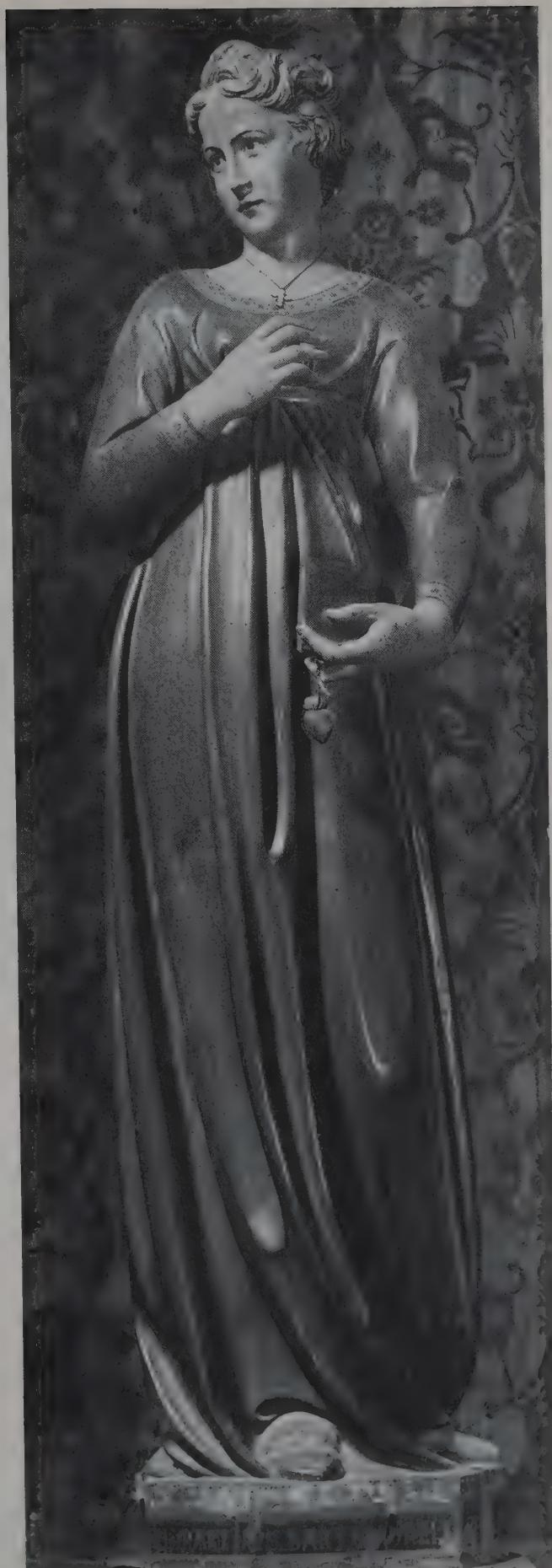
Quercia's name, and that of another Sienese, Francesco di Valdambrino, appear with Ghiberti, Brunelleschi and (according to Vasari) Donatello in the *Combattimento Fiorentino*—a competition for the design of the first door of the Baptistry which signalized the real beginning of the Florentine early Renaissance. Little or nothing has been known of Francesco di Valdambrino. In seeking to clarify Quercia's artistic associations, however, it became historically important to place him. The exhibition in Siena last season served the important purpose of showing Quercia in relation to his circle.

The distinguished Sienese writer, Peleo Bacci, has in his latest volume, after arduous research, reconstituted for us the figure of Francesco di Valdambrino. It was his work, with that of Niccolo de' Cori, and, of course, Quercia's own sculptures which determined the individual character of the exhibition.

In addition to the *Fonte Gaia*, on the terrace of the Palazzo Publico, there were only three figures by Quercia in the exhibition—the *Apostle of the Spurs* from San Martino in Lucca and the Annunciation group from San Gimignano. The Apostle (the attribution is Venturi's) is one of Quercia's early works. Though Sienese in feeling, in its delicacy of line and harmonious sweep of draperies, this figure still suggests the derivation to which the *Trenta* altar in Lucca is so indebted—the north Italian sculptor guilds with their essentially late Gothic inspiration. The San Gimignano Annunciation, executed in 1421, is in striking contrast to it. True, one cannot overlook certain derivations (inevitable in a group so iconographically determined) from the Annunciation groups of the School of Nino Pisano, which suggested the form and presentation. The Quercia group, however, is imbued with a distinctive strength and classic quality, and its style in the grand manner is quite new to Siena. Quercia has here achieved a Gothic classicism—a style developed by him during his work on the *Fonte Gaia*, which continued with interruptions from 1409 to 1419. The reliefs of the seated Virtues, despite their objectivity, have the delicate mobility and supple line of Gothic statues. The sketch drawings which have been preserved show how closely the incorporeal line harmonizes with the structure and conception of the figures. The latest portions of the *Fonte Gaia*, particularly the noble figures of the standing women, are already completely divorced from this Gothic world.

These two standing women rank among the finest achievements of Italian sculpture and stand like antique goddesses in the warm sunshine of Siena's ancient city square. They are, in fact, the ancient pagan deities of the city whose coat of arms bore the Roman she-wolf. One of them represents Rhea Silvia with Romulus and Remus, for, according to Sienese legend, the city was founded by Senus, son of Remus, legendary founder of Rome.

The idea of erecting these free figures may have come to Quercia from quite another quarter, however. In the early



Jacopo della Quercia: *Madonna* from the *San Gimignano Annunciation Group*. Compare Valdambrino's similar figures reproduced on page 511



Francesco di Giorgio: The Weeping St. John in the Cathedral Museum at Siena

years of the trecento an ancient statue of Venus was set up in Siena's city square, only to be removed and buried in Florentine enemy territory when misfortune to the city seemed to follow in her wake—a piece of pagan superstition typical of the attitude of the middle ages toward the antique world. It is a consciousness of the grandeur of this ancient world which lends these figures their new and classic spirit. Free, and with a wonderful physical awareness, they typify a new human ideal—the ideal of the early Renaissance. The Gothic play of draperies against the lovely limbs is typically Sienese and far removed from the stern, geometric abstractions dear to the Florentines, but the synthesis of Gothic-Classic is Quercia's own discovery, and it reaches its highest expression in the figures of the Fonte Gaia and the Annunciation.

Close to them must be reckoned the Madonna of San Martino with her following of four Saints. Bacci attributes two of the Saints, *St. John the Evangelist* and *St. John the Baptist*, to Quercia himself, and it is important to determine the authenticity of this attribution. The Madonna is of astonishing grandeur. In her we find again the noble conception of the early Pisan Madonnas, the Italian *Vierge Dorée*, from whom she directly derives. Research, however, suggests a late date

for this statue, and would, therefore, presuppose an earlier date of execution for the last parts of the baptismal font (which were not completed till 1430) and for the Bologna sculptures, and so establish a completely new style for Quercia which cannot well be historically documented. This Madonna belongs to a group of Madonna statuettes which today are attributed to Turini. Certain traits of the Bentivoglio Madonna are also apparent in her. Difficult as it is to identify her with Quercia, it must be recognized that the marks of his special genius are apparent in the whole production.

The Sienese sculptor, Francesco di Valdambrino, was Quercia's close associate—he was with him in Lucca and was officially associated with the Fonte Gaia. There are, it is true, striking differences of style in the two figures, and a certain roughness in the design of the details in one of them seems to relate it to Francesco, by whom it most probably was executed although under Quercia's immediate direction, thus bringing it within the latter's oeuvre. The chronology of Francesco's work prohibits any other theory—a fact to which Bacci has not given due consideration.

We know that in 1409 Francesco executed four seated figures of Saints for the cathedral. Though these were destroyed

Two Madonnas by Francesco di Valdambrino. Left: Detail from the Annunciation Group, Volterra. Below: Figure from the Annunciation Group, Asciano



during the Baroque period, the busts were preserved, and an Annunciation group from Asciano relates so closely to them that we can place it early in the second decade of the century. The astonishing realism of this group, its healthy roughness and plastic massiveness is a marvelous reconstitution of Quercia's early style, of which only one example, the Ferrara Madonna of 1408, has been preserved. (Quercia was already thirty-seven at this time.) It is from this early style that Francesco derived. His later style is entirely different and can be authenticated by the Montalcino statue of *St. Peter Enthroned*, which Lisini has recently documented, placing its execution in 1425. This statue falls back completely into a Gothic form language, and allows us to place the Volterra Annunciation group and the Chierici Madonna in Volterra in his late period. These figures no longer show any relationship to the grandeur of Quercia's work. Just as in the early twenties, Francesco sank back into the anonymity of the Gothic tradition—only a few documents make mention of his continued existence—so his late work is in a mannered Gothic style, a typically Sienese history, comparable to that of Domenico di Bartolo. The monumental forms borrowed from greater masters vanished as soon as close association with them ended. It seems that the atmosphere of Siena was indeed inimical to all grandeur of conception. The two statues of the Weeping Madonna and the St. John were executed at the same period. It has not been determined whether this figure was part of a Pietà of Gozzarelli's in the Osservanza in Siena. Comparison

(Continued on page 545)

KATHE KOLLWITZ

BY HOWARD DEVREE

UP TWO FLIGHTS of dingy worn stairs, in an old house on a mean street in Berlin's drab northeast quarter, a woman, whose love of the humble and downtrodden people has left her as much out of favor with the Nazi regime as with the old Imperial order, has passed threescore years and ten and is beginning to be recognized as a great artist of our time. Her eyes are failing her, so that they are no longer able to guide the hand that recorded with etcher's needle the impressions which the pained, avid and intensely sympathetic eyes once stored up. But the indomitable spirit which carried her through seven decades of her country's victories, struggles, social and political upheaval, war mania, defeat, revolution, democracy and finally into a period of brutal dictatorship—the spirit lives on undimmed.

Käthe Kollwitz is a phenomenon. It is hard to see her work, to feel the emotional depth which infuses it, to realize what unstinted tragedy has enveloped her life and yet restrain oneself from rhapsodizing about her. It is hard to be dispassionate about a genius whose vital forces have ever been spent unsparingly in the service of her fellows and whose whole work is infused with that devotion to the helpless sufferers of society—the jetsam of our political and economic upheavals who have no power over their own destinies.

One cannot separate the social content and passion from this work of hers and look upon its technical brilliance alone. But perhaps no greater tribute can be paid to Kollwitz than to note how the three elements are fused in her work without ever causing a dislocation of the one for the other. Her work,

like that of Hogarth and Daumier, is an eternal lesson for those who would turn art into propaganda. Propaganda in the large sense it always is, but always it is art—not caricature, cartoon or facile parable.

The bare facts of Kollwitz's life, simple as the chronicle is, foreshadow and illuminate her personal tragedy. Born Käthe Schmidt at Königsberg in 1867, nearly a century and a half after Kant, the city's earlier genius, she started life in a very different atmosphere. Not metaphysics but economics were in the air. Her father was a liberal and she has told of his reciting to her Thomas Hood's *Song of the Shirt* with its passionate appeal for the working classes. One commentator has estimated that the income of seventy per cent of the Prussian workers of the time was only about fifteen pounds a year. Grinding poverty and misery were the lot of the industrial and agricultural workers of that period.

In her early 'teens she was permitted to study engraving in her native city before going to Berlin at seventeen. During these formative years her father's liberalism was reinforced by the activities of her brother who, while she took up art, went in for economics. He introduced her in the succeeding years to Marx and Engels, Goethe, Zola, Ibsen and Hauptmann. Hauptmann's *The Weavers* was to occasion one of her masterpieces. The woodcuts of Klinger and the work of Hogarth, with both of which she became acquainted in Berlin, were other formative influences.

She has said that she began by drawing bargemen. After instruction from Mower in etching in Königsberg she had gone on to the Capital to study drawing under Stauffer-Bern, a Swiss. Scarcely out of her 'teens, she met the Secessionists of the Berlin art world and a number of the French and German Impressionists in Munich. From Klinger's woodcuts (*Ein Leben*) she progressed under Ludwig Herterich to a new grace, facility and fluency. Entering her early twenties, her mastery of tools and her mental and emotional outlook had taken shape.

At the age of twenty-four, in 1891 Käthe Schmidt married Dr. Karl Kollwitz and came to live her eventful, productive half century in the house in Berlin. Here her two sons were born, one of them to be killed in action in the early days of the World War.

Hauptmann's tragedy of industrial dislocation, *The Weavers*, led her to undertake the series of six plates which, begun in 1893, she finished in 1898. A decade later she undertook a similar enterprise, evoked by the tragic episodes of the abortive Peasants' War, that sporadic rebellion of the time of Luther. These two series of etchings alone would establish her place in art.

Her technical excellence won her early recognition. But it was shadowed by imperial displeasure, for Wilhelm II vetoed the award of a gold medal to the Weavers series, in 1898; and in 1906 it is related that her realistic and appealing poster of a working woman, designed for the Home Industries Exposition

KATHE KOLLWITZ: SELF-PORTRAIT, 1934. LITHOGRAPH



COURTESY KLEEMANN GALLERIES



COURTESY KLEEMANN GALLERIES

KATHE KOLLWITZ: BROT. LITHOGRAPH POSTER OF THE POST-WAR PERIOD

in Berlin, so displeased the Kaiserin that she refused to visit the exposition until the poster was removed. Four years later the *polizei* prevented the showing of a second poster appealing for playgrounds for children.

But by 1905 she was teaching in the Berlin School of Art

and (despite the official disfavor) had lived to see the frowned-upon Weavers series crowned in Dresden and acquired by the Imperial collection. She was the first woman elected to the Prussian Academy (1918) and assumed the position of the Academy's director of graphic art a decade later. Then came

Hitler, and, although she is not officially exiled, Kollwitz's work is not publicly shown in Berlin nor are her prints on sale in the art galleries and shops, except privately and secretly.

Although definite recognition had begun to come to her in her early thirties in her native land; although she is well represented in the collections of the Library of Congress and the New York Public Library (she is held in high regard by Frank Weitenkampf); even though a large selection of her work in divers media was held as far back as 1925 at the old Civic Club in New York and several exhibitions of her work have been circulated to museums and other institutions since that event; even so, her recognition is certainly not yet commensurate with her great gifts. So comprehensive a work, for example, as the Columbia Encyclopedia (1938 edition) contains no entry on her. Only with the showing of her work in the last year or two by three New York galleries (Hudson Walker's, first, and then by Henry Kleemann and by Curt Valentin at the Buchholz) did she begin to receive in New

York some measure of the appreciation that is her just due.

She has been an indefatigable experimenter. Beginning with etching, whose technic she had mastered in youth, she won her first full-flavored applause with the Weavers series in that medium. But all through the 'nineties she was experimenting. She tried soft ground, drypoint and aqua, and combinations. By 1900 she was working away with lithography, to which she occasionally has added a touch of color. Before the war she had already become interested in sculpture and she designed the massive memorial for her son—kneeling figures of parents grieving. Toward the end of the war and in the years that followed she turned to woodcut with something of the impact of Masereel, combining with it something of the decorative sense of the Polish woodcut. Note the profound effect in such a work as the *Gedenkblatt für Karl Liebknecht* or *Die Überlebenden*.

German as she is she infuses a curiously Slavic element in her work, notable in many of the faces. Her own face in the

KATHE KOLLWITZ: WAR III: THE PARENTS. WOODCUT



COURTESY KLEEMANN GALLERIES



COURTESY HUDSON D. WALKER

KATHE KOLLWITZ: RUN OVER. SOFT GROUND ETCHING, TRIAL PROOF, 1910

self-portraits, of which she has done twenty or thirty, further reflects it. The long series of self-portraits begun in the early 'nineties, comes down to 1934. Those self-revelations are realistic, unidealized, unflattering. They portray in their sequence a maturing woman whose spirit has risen over the quotidian defeats of personal life and soared in insight and sympathy beyond her country's changing fortunes and the miseries of her people. So she has been able to objectify them and express for us their essence in a timeless art.

How well she has known the unfortunate and how faithfully she has presented them to us must impress any one who sees her work. This pregnant woman knocking at a door; these mothers with circling arms futilely seeking to keep death back from their children; the mother bowed over a dead child—a large drypoint which concentrates more sheer brute misery than any other picture I have ever seen and achieves a human glorification of the agony of a dumb animal. Or the waiting mother with fearful child clinging to her skirts as they shrink from the approach of the besotted husband and father. The man about to hang himself, or the unemployed father, his despairing wife and their sick child; the face of a simple work-

ing girl. All these are indelible impressions, drawn, one cannot help but feel, from the daily life of the people whose struggles and miseries she has comprehended and rendered in her flowing line and to whose racked and defeated bodies her husband has ministered.

When she blots out her backgrounds to bring these archetypal figures into strong relief, it is for that purpose and that purpose only—never to escape an esthetic responsibility in execution. For in examples such as the storming of the gate in the Weavers series she shows clearly enough how well she can handle decorative detail when it is germane to her problem. The textures and pattern in the *Bauernkrieg*, for example, surrounding the body of the dead girl raped and tossed aside, further immeasurably the pathos of the work. The mad dance around the guillotine in the *Carmagnole*, which comes in between the Weavers and Peasant War series, is a third which reveals her ability at big impressive composition. But so fluid is her medium that she frequently leaves the unwary in difficulties to distinguish some of her drawings from some of her lithographs.

We have seen how two of her posters brought down on her

the displeasure of the Empress and the police. She turned to the poster again and made it both a tremendous agent for propaganda and a work of art in the grim period after the war. Take the *Brot*, for example; look at it and feel the tearing pity aroused by the two wide-eyed children who cling to their helpless mother's skirts. If you do not see it again for a time your reaction is likely to be one of great surprise, when next you see it, that the work is so small. And that is characteristic—for there is something monumental about this woman and all her work. In the Weavers etching showing the march of the roused artisans, the woman in the foreground carries a child on her back and tramps hopelessly, doggedly along with the scythe-armed men like a madonna of doom—a symbol of all her women. Kollwitz has never worked in oil, but had she painted a mural of size she could have done no more to further the effect of that grim procession. Or consider the *Mother and Dead Child* referred to above. As one lives with this drypoint epic of personal despair the terrific initial impact softens till the child's head becomes a radiant bit of sculpture.

As the etched line, reinforced at many times by aquatint, served her in her early work and as lithography served her for

many of the portraits and depictions of the downtrodden, so the woodcut was the medium she chose for her burning anathema to war in the *Krieg* series of the early 'twenties, when Germany was passing through black hours. This series is one of her most passionate expressions and one of her great triumphs. Except for some of the later portraits, it is in a sense the culmination of the personal note in her work. The great *Weavers* series had been inspired by the *Hauptmann* drama and an intellectual sense of justice, and the *Bauernkrieg* by a growing sense of social injustice resting on an historical base. But the nightmare of war and death and the hexen-sabbath delirium that followed lent new strength and fire to her arraignment through the somber masses of black and white in the woodcuts that spare no infamy of war.

This woman's work is a touchstone at once of humanity and of artistic integrity. Its place is assured. It might pardonably say with the Goethean character: "I stand high and can and must stand higher still." Kollwitz needs but one special appeal made for her—for people to acquaint themselves with her work. To that her glory may safely be trusted. She is one of the timeless.

KATHE KOLLWITZ: STURM. FROM THE WEAVERS SERIES. ETCHING, 1897





COURTESY KLEEMANN GALLERIES

KATHE KOLLWITZ: *LA CARMAGNOLE*. ETCHING



Interior of the Laboratory

PHOTOS COURTESY FEDERAL ART PROJECTS

A STANDARD FOR ARTISTS' MATERIALS

BY FRANK W. STERNER AND RUTHERFORD J. GETTENS

AN EVENT that may have permanent effect on the development of American art was the setting-up in the Spring of 1937 of the Paint Testing and Research Laboratory of the WPA Federal Art Project. The purpose of the Laboratory is to deal with technical problems in art, which are matters of growing importance and increasing interest to the modern artist. The directors had three main objectives: first, to devise methods of testing composition and performance of artists' materials; second, to set up standards and specifications of quality; and third, to study and establish principles of sound painting methods and techniques. In the two years of its existence much progress has been made toward these objectives.

The efforts have already resulted in a preliminary meeting of the most prominent manufacturers of artists' materials, held in Boston in April, 1939, to discuss a proposed commercial standard for artists' oil paints. The tentative draft of this commercial standard was submitted by the Paint Testing and Research Laboratory in cooperation with the Division of Trade Standards of the National Bureau of Standards. At this meeting the proposed Commercial Standard was studied in detail and revised in accordance with the changes recommended by the manufacturers. Provision was also made for further study of the revised Commercial Standard, by arranging for a general conference to which manufacturers, distributors and artists will be invited.

The difficulties of securing permanent and dependable materials for artists' use became obvious when with the organization of the WPA Federal Art Project the Federal Government became overnight the largest single consumer of artists' materials in the world. To get these materials the Project was

obliged to follow the usual governmental procedure of purchasing on the basis of competitive bid, the award going to the lowest bidder. Such a method of purchase gave opportunity to certain dealers who actually offered inferior goods under names that indicated or suggested better grade materials.

One of the chief difficulties confronting the artist today is the confusion and duplication in nomenclature for designating either the color or composition of prepared paints. A few bear names that indicate chemical composition of the pigment, but many are sold under names that associate them with colors of flowers, fruits or minerals; and others are just arbitrary trade names used only by a single manufacturer. In fifteen lines of artists' paints examined, over four hundred different terms were used to distinguish some fifty or sixty materials distinct in chemical composition. The familiar paint pigment, ultramarine blue, for example, is not only designated in different values—light, medium and dark—but is also commonly known and sold as "French blue," "French ultramarine," "permanent blue," "new blue" and others. It is often observed that some manufacturers sell under different names and prices paints that differ little in color, composition and tinting strength. This lack of uniformity in nomenclature is the natural outgrowth of individual enterprise on the part of color manufacturers, but it has resulted in much confusion and misunderstanding for the artist and purchaser of artists' materials.

More serious, however, is the offering of paints with cheap and impermanent pigments under names that have long been used for more costly and more permanent materials. For instance, the name "cobalt blue" is properly used to designate

a compound of the oxides of cobalt and aluminum; "cerulean blue" should similarly be reserved for a pigment derived from the oxides of cobalt and tin; but paints made from the cheaper ultramarine blues or even blue dyes are sold under these names. Frequently the price of the substitute is not correspondingly lower. More common than this is the use of dyes or lakes as toners to fortify the color and tinting strength. The toners are often fugitive and paints that contain them may alter in color when exposed even to ordinary diffused light. Then again there is great lack of uniformity in hue and purity of tone in paints that appear under identical labels. Cheaply made paints frequently contain a high percentage of filler, like aluminum hydrate, aluminum stearate or barium sulphate. They may not be of proper consistency for handling and may dry too slowly or too rapidly. Paints made with such materials produce films that are muddy in quality and lack the richness and luminosity so much desired in an oil painting. There is also lack of uniformity in packaging. Although the majority of the artists purchase their paints in "studio size" tubes, which are commonly understood to be one inch in diameter and four inches long, some tubes are poorly filled and others are actually cut as much as one-half to three-quarters of an inch in length.

Certainly there is need for some central testing laboratory where artists' materials can be judged on the basis of composition, working qualities and performance and the knowledge gained made available to the artist and the interested public. It is the recognition of this need that gave rise to the establishment of the laboratory in Boston.

The staff of the Paint Testing and Research Laboratory now comprises, besides the director and technical adviser, one supervisor, two chemists, twelve artist-technicians, one secretary and three skilled workers. The laboratory occupies two large rooms, including library and office, and is equipped with a chemical balance, microscope and accessories, centrifuge, drying oven, special apparatus for the physical testing of paints, humidity and temperature-controlled room, metal lathe, roof exposure racks, filing cabinets for test specimens and many other items. Most of this equipment was designed and built in the laboratory with the particular problems of artists' materials in mind.

Three general kinds of tests are being followed in the examination of artists' oil paints: physical tests, chemical tests and microscopic examination. Physical tests determine those characteristics of paints which are of immediate interest to the painter, such as consistency, tinting strength and drying rate as well as that quality of permanency, which is of such great interest to the patron of art. One of the first steps in testing a paint is to prepare several three by five-inch painted-out test panels on masonite supports with gesso grounds. Some of these duplicate panels are used directly, but others are kept permanently for comparison, long-range testing and even for exhibition purposes. During the painting out of the test panels observations on such physical qualities as consistency, brushing quality and behavior under the palette knife are recorded on a standard form by the artist-technician. Although these observations are to an extent subjective, they are based upon a carefully planned uniform procedure.

One of the important physical tests is the measurement of comparative tinting strength. It is done by mixing a known volume of paint with a standard quantity of zinc oxide oil



Above: Sand testing machine used to measure the drying rates of paint films. The photograph shows sand falling on painted sample. Samples are prepared on a glass support by the use of a template which insures constant thickness of paint. This machine was designed and made in the Laboratory. Below: Measuring the hiding power of oil paint with a cryptometer. The reading is taken at the point where the paint film hides the line of demarcation between the black and white sections of the cryptometer



paste. Such "let-downs" with white are compared with a standard either visually or with the help of special instruments. Consistency of oil paints is measured simply by applying a two-kilogram weight to a constant volume of paint between two glass plates. Concentric rings on the lower plate mark the distance to which the paint will spread under the stress of weight. Drying rate is measured, in one way, by a special instrument which drops a known quantity of fine sand upon a painted surface at forty-five degrees to the line of flow of the sand stream. Another device records the drying rate of the film by the impression of a sharp-edged metal ring applied under two hundred gram pressure to the surface at stated intervals. These drying rate measurements are made on paint films applied on non-absorbent three by five-inch glass test panels and kept in a temperature and humidity-controlled room. The fading rate is determined by exposing the paint specimens to the sun under glass in specially constructed racks located on the roof. Data on the fading of both the straight paint and the tint are recorded at regular intervals over a period of three months. Hiding power, color quality and other physical properties are also studied. So far as is practicable, for comparative purposes, all important data are recorded in simple, numerical terms.

In the routine testing of artists' paints it is ordinarily not necessary or practical to make a complete quantitative chemical analysis of each sample. That would be time-consuming and

Technician removing residue from crucible after burning. The paint residue is then ground and placed in a small glass tube and filed in drawers like those shown in the background. This is one of the simplest but most important methods of checking the pigment content of oil paints. The scale is used to weigh out the paint before burning



PHOTO COURTESY FEDERAL ART PROJECT

costly. A fairly good idea of pigment composition may be obtained, however, from the very simple process of burning or ashing the paint. Composition and quality of the pigment are often clearly indicated by the color and character of the ash residue and many confirmatory chemical tests for metallic and non-metallic constituents can be made on it. To carry out certain tests, however, the oil vehicle component of paint must be separated from the pigment by centrifugal methods.

The microscope is a very helpful tool in studying pigment composition because many pigments have optical characteristics which enable them to be recognized by optical means more easily than by chemical methods. Fillers, toners and other adulterants can frequently be detected with ease by this method. For ready reference a specimen of each paint examined is kept permanently mounted on a microscope slide.

With the aid of all these devices it is possible to get a very fair idea of the expected performance and durability of a paint under test. From examination of a large number of specimens by such means it has been found that a few American manufacturers, in spite of strong competition and modern methods of merchandizing, are striving to produce paints of good quality and fair permanence. There are others, however, who are marketing a product which has no place on the palette of an artist who is sincerely interested in craftsmanship and technical perfection. It is difficult, unfortunately, for the average artist with limited technical training to distinguish between materials for permanent painting and those of non-durable nature.

The proposed Commercial Standard for Artist Oil Paints mentioned at the beginning of this article was based on experience gained from study of paint specimens from many sources. It attempts to define terms, particularly the terms used to designate artists' oil paints. Most of the names used are based on chemical composition of the pigment in the paint. The standards cover quality of pigment and vehicle, drying rate, light fastness, consistency and brushing qualities; it limits the amounts of inerts, fillers and dryers. Some of the methods of test are described in detail with diagrams of the apparatus to be used. It contains certain stipulations as to the packaging and labeling of paints and one of the important features is a provision for certification by the manufacturer that paint sold under his label conforms to all requirements of the Commercial Standard. There is every reason to believe that the manufacturer as well as the artist will profit by the Standard. It will eliminate unfair competition, decrease inventory and cultivate the confidence and interest of the consumer.

The Commercial Standard for oil paints described in brief above has yet to come up for final discussion and acceptance. This will be done at a general meeting to be held some time this Fall of representatives of manufacturers, dealers, artists and those interested in the technical problems of art. A display of interest in the Standard on the part of individual artists and groups will be of great aid in bringing about its acceptance and promulgation. When finally accepted it will be published and copies will be disseminated so that all may become acquainted with its provisions.

Already the Paint Testing and Research Laboratory is in-
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LETTER FROM LONDON

PAINTING AND SCULPTURE

THE END OF the art season reflects in a dim, peripheral way the general atmosphere of political tact. A hearty toast to our allies has been offered by most of the dealers in the form of a final French exhibition, which has resulted in a slight rush of Cézanne to the head. No sooner had Rosenberg and Helft closed their show (with the doleful announcement that they would have no summer exhibition because they were sending all their paintings to the safety vaults) than two more Cézanne shows opened, one at Wildenstein and another, of water colors and drawings, at Paul Cassirer's new London gallery.

It is unfortunate that they could not have been synchronized. *Homage to Paul Cézanne* (the Wildenstein exhibition) is a scholarly assemblage of material which would have served as a perfect background for the fewer but more brilliant canvases at Rosenberg's. These, however, remain very fresh in the memory, and even as it is one has to hop across town in order to complete one's study of Cézanne's water colors. The Wildenstein exhibition is a very creditable performance from every point of view. A complete chronological review of Cézanne's work has been achieved and, if some of the examples are not absolutely first rate, nevertheless from the point of view of the student this show, with its collateral material and its well documented and illustrated catalog, should serve as an example to other dealers. Virtue has been obligingly rewarded and the gallery is as crowded as if it weren't art at all.

Besides forty-five oils, twenty-eight water colors and nineteen drawings, the exhibition includes autograph letters, photographs of the artist and sundry pieces of the true cross fittingly enshrined but more discreetly titled "Souvenirs and Possessions." Here are the plaster Cupid, the skull, the ginger jar and the raffia-covered bottle long familiar to us from the paintings—the only models which could stand the interminable periods of posing which Cézanne demanded. The selection of canvases is equally conscientious. From 1863 to 1906, every phase of Cézanne's development is represented. The early paintings are of the greatest interest; and not only because they are more rarely seen. None of the middle and late canvases seemed to me as magnificent as those in the first exhibition; but the *Portrait of Uncle Dominique as a Monk* (1886) with its dramatic use of white, its bold contrasts, its thick modeling in paint, is most impressive, as is also the small *Studio Stove* of 1868 (after, according to the catalog, a painting by Delacroix). These together with the large *Paul Alexis Reading to Zola* (1869) remembered from the Orangerie show of 1936, and the several portraits of his friend, the poet and art critic, Antony Valabrégue (1866 and 1869) are pictures of museum calibre. Among the later works, the *Boy Lying on the Grass* (1885), in which the figure is placed with that curious finality one associates with Seurat; the sensitive *Boy Wearing a Straw Hat* (1896) and the still-life, *Onions and Bottle* (1895) are memorable. The finest landscape is the *Millstone in the Woods of the Chateau Noir* (1895-7) from the Pellerin collection. This is juxtaposed in the admirable catalog

with a photograph of the actual "motif," the painting looking more real than the actuality.

Just as the oils must be compared mentally with those in the Rosenberg exhibition, so must the water colors and drawings be considered with those on view at Cassirer's. The Wildenstein collection includes more bravura pieces: the Louvre's *Kitchen Table*, luminous in color; Mrs. Chester Beatty's *Overcoat on a Chair*, Mr. Samuel Courtauld's still-life, engagingly baroque in form and of a surprising density of paint; and the exquisite *Study for a Tree* from Zurich. Cassirer's collection, however, includes many pictures that have never been seen before in England and its quality is enriched by a number of loans from the collection of the lamented Ambroise Vollard. Most of the water colors are of the lightly painted genre with its skillful use of the white paper. Few of the later manner, fully painted, prismatically colored, are included. The fragility of color, the subtle interrelationships of form, the delicacy of placing, produce an effect which is suddenly and irresistibly Chinese.

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REID AND LEFEVRE have carried this seasonable display of hands across the Channel ever further, in an exhibition entitled *Entente Cordiale*. The entente is achieved (one hopes not symbolically) by running what are really two quite disparate shows concurrently: one of English and one of French paintings. By taking not too good examples by good artists on the French side, the cards are adroitly stacked. But it is by no means entirely due to this tact that the English group gives a very good performance, and it is amusing to have their inspiration so close at hand. To compare at random: John Armstrong owes something to Lurçat and more to the Surrealists; Duncan Grant has appreciated Segonzac's juicy solidity of paint; Edward Wadsworth is not unconscious of the chic attraction of Pierre Roy. But such hints of derivation are no reflection on the excellence of these painters. Mr. Armstrong, not I believe essentially an easel painter (he is better known for his screens and murals), has produced a charming and well ordered contemporary version of the classic landscape. The Duncan Grant landscape shows a new depth of feeling and a maturity of expression. Of the three Augustus Johns, neither of the portraits, oddly enough, is as good as the still-life, *Cyclamens* (1939). Wyndham Lewis's portrait, *Froanna*, painted in his slick-surfaced, aggressive manner, attracts by its competence and a certain vulgar assurance. John Nash's *Floodgates* avoids the triteness of composition that occasionally weakens his landscapes. Of the Sickerts, the *Sheepshanks House, Bath*, pleased me most: an architectural motif handled with this artist's most easy brilliance. A still-life by Matthew Smith is flamboyant even for this flamboyant painter. His color is so positive, his dissonances so forceful, that one is apt to undervalue his firm easy line and asymmetric compositions. Edward Wadsworth has added to his decorative Surrealist patterns an experiment into purest pointillisme. The most successful of these essays—a ship—makes one think of a Demuth painted by Seurat.

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COMPOSER FROM BROOKLYN

BY AARON COPLAND

I WAS BORN on a street in Brooklyn which can only be described as drab. It had none of the garish color of the Ghetto, none of the charm of an old New England thoroughfare, nor even the rawness of a pioneer street. It was simply drab. It probably resembled most one of the outer districts of lower middle-class London, except that it was peopled largely by Italians, Irish and Negroes. I mention it because it was there that I spent the first twenty years of my life. Also because it fills me with mild wonder each time I realize that a musician was born on that street.

Music was the last thing anyone would have connected with it. In fact, no one had ever connected music with my family or with my street. The idea was entirely original with me. And unfortunately the idea occurred to me seriously only at thirteen or thereabouts—which is rather late for a musician to get started.

I don't mean to give the impression that there was no music whatever in our house. My oldest brother played the violin to my sister's accompaniments and there were passable performances of potpourri from assorted operas. I also remember a considerable amount of ragtime on top of the piano for lighter moments. But these were casual encounters. No one ever talked music to me or took me to a concert. Music as an art was a discovery I made all by myself.

The idea of becoming a composer seems gradually to have dawned upon me some time around 1916, when I was about fifteen years old. Before that I had taken the usual piano lessons, begun at my own insistence some two years previously. My parents were of the opinion that enough money had been invested in the musical training of the four older children with meagre results, and had no intention of squandering further funds on me. But despite the reasonableness of this argument, my persistence finally won them over. I distinctly remember with what fear and trembling I knocked on the door of Mr. Leopold Wolfsohn's piano studio on Clinton Avenue in Brooklyn, and—once again all by myself—arranged for piano lessons.

The idea of composing came, as I say, several years later. It was Mr. Wolfsohn who helped me find a harmony teacher, when I realized that to be a composer one had to study harmony. At first I had imagined that harmony could be learned by correspondence course, but a few trial lessons cured me of that illusion. So it came about that in the fall of 1917 I began harmony lessons with the late Rubin Goldmark. My new teacher was a nephew of Karl Goldmark, the famous composer of the *Queen of Sheba*. Goldmark had an excellent grasp of the fundamentals of music and knew very well how to impart his ideas. This was a stroke of luck for me. I was spared the flounderings that so many American musicians have suffered due to incompetent teaching at the start of their theoretical training.

By the Spring of 1918 I had graduated from high school and was able to devote all my energies to music. It seems curious now that public school played so little part in my musical

training. I neither sang in the school chorus nor played in the school orchestra. Music classes were a kind of joke—we were not even taught to sight-read a single vocal line properly. Perhaps things have changed for the better in that respect. A young person with musical aptitudes would probably find more scope in the regular school curriculum for his or her talents nowadays.

During these formative years I had been gradually uncovering for myself the literature of music. Some instinct seemed to lead me logically from Chopin's Waltzes to Haydn's Sonatinas to Beethoven's Sonatas to Wagner's operas. And from there it was but a step to Hugo Wolf's songs, to Debussy's preludes and to Scriabin's piano poems. In retrospect it all seems surprisingly orderly. As far as I can remember no one ever told me about "modern music." I apparently happened on it in the natural course of my musical explorations. It was Goldmark, a convinced conservative in musical matters, who first actively discouraged this commerce with the "moderns." That was enough to whet any young man's appetite. The fact that the music was in some sense forbidden only increased its attractiveness. Moreover, it was difficult to get. The War had made the importation of new music a luxury; Scriabin and Debussy and Ravel were bringing high prices. By the time I was eighteen I already had something of the reputation of a musical rebel—in Goldmark's eyes at any rate.

As might be expected, my compositions of that period, mostly two-page songs and piano pieces, began to show traces of my musical enthusiasms. It soon was clear that Goldmark derived no pleasure from seeing what seemed to him to be "modernistic experiments." The climax came when I brought for his critical approval a piano piece called *The Cat and the Mouse*. He regretfully admitted that he had no criteria by which to judge such music. From that time on my compositional work was divided into two compartments: the pieces which really interested me, which were composed on the side, so to speak, and the conventional student work written in conformity with the "rules."

During these student years I missed very much the companionship of other music students. I had a sense of isolation and of working too much by myself. In America today there are undoubtedly other young musicians who are isolated in big and small communities in a similar fashion.

It was a foregone conclusion twenty years ago that anyone who had serious pretensions as a composer would have to go abroad to finish his studies. Before the War it was taken for granted that "abroad" for composers meant Germany. But I belonged to the post-war generation and so for me "abroad" inevitably meant Paris. The hitch was that I knew not a living soul in Paris—or in all of France, for that matter.

At about that time, I read in a musical journal of the proposed establishment of a music school for Americans to be inaugurated during the summer of 1921 in the Palace at Fontainebleau. I was so quick to respond to this announcement that my name headed the list of enrollments. My plan was to

Billy the Kid

Aaron Copland
(1938)

Introduction: The Open Prairie

Lento maestoso (♩ = 54)

start

FIRST PAGE OF THE MANUSCRIPT OF AARON COPLAND'S BALLET, "BILLY THE KID"

stay on in Paris for the winter after the closing of summer school. This would give me a chance to acclimatize myself to French ways and at the same time to find a suitable teacher with whom to continue my studies.

Paul Vidal of the Paris Conservatoire taught us composition at the Fontainebleau School. He turned out to be a French version of Rubin Goldmark, except that he was harder to understand because of the peculiar French patois that he talked. Before the summer was very far advanced, rumors began to circulate of the presence at school of a brilliant harmony teacher, a certain Nadia Boulanger. This news naturally had little interest for me, since I had long finished my harmonic studies. It took a considerable amount of persuasion on the part of a fellow-student before I consented to "look in" on Mademoiselle Boulanger's class. On that particular day she was explaining the harmonic structure of one of the scenes from *Boris Godounoff*. I had never before witnessed such en-

thusiasm and such clarity in teaching. I immediately suspected that I had found my teacher.

There were several mental hurdles to get over first, however. No one to my knowledge had ever before thought of studying composition with a woman. This idea was absurd on the face of it. Everyone knows that the world has never produced a first-rate woman composer, so it follows that no woman could possibly hope to teach composition. Moreover, how would it sound to the folks back home? The whole idea was just a bit too revolutionary.

Nevertheless, and despite these excellent reasons, I visited Mademoiselle Boulanger in the Fall and asked her to accept me as her pupil. She must have been about thirty-three years old at that time, and as far as I know, I was her first full-fledged American composition student. I mention this with a certain amount of understandable pride in view of the large number of young American composers who have followed,

(Continued on page 548)



MANET: THE PICNIC

PARIS LETTER: THE SALON PAST AND PRESENT

ON THE STAGE a dramatic effect is obtained when two characters who do not want to meet one another are placed face to face. If we take a sectarian academician on the one hand and a sincere independent on the other we have personified two opposite psychological systems in their most exaggerated forms. One can imagine what a torture it would be for a professor of fine arts, ex-Prix-de-Rome winner, member of the Institute, convinced that the defense of the sacred artistic tradition of France is entrusted to him just as the defense of the sacred soil of France is entrusted to the generals who sit beside him at the official ceremonies, to find, unfortunate man, that his beloved daughter, flesh of his flesh (whose mind he had polished like the piece of sculpture with which he unhooked the gold medal), had fallen in love with one of these fellows of the advance guard. The little quarrel which existed between the Montagues and the Capulets seems rather superficial in comparison.

Another dramatic effect, to make a diptych with the former, might be obtained were the independent on entering the Grand Palais on varnishing day of the Salon (the only official Salon—founded 1667) to behold the President of the Republic embracing the president of the Salon, while the Republican Guard in full gala uniform presented arms.

During his sleepless nights the academic professor sees himself shipwrecked on a sand bank which is threatened by the

rising tide of complete indifference and obliged to share this shrinking, vital space with a younger, enterprising enemy who is ready to do anything, particularly to push him into the lashing waves at the first opportunity. At the 1937 Exposition and recently when a selection was sent to the New York World's Fair it was so evident that he and his colleagues were only tolerated with ironical condescension, like a sort of Gallo-Roman antiquity, that their prestige was deceptive. The situation, indeed, is intolerable and may become hopeless. After the New York scandal, it is true, a Senator declared he would stand forward to restore the priority of the School under all circumstances and particularly in the preparation of representative demonstrations abroad. A manifesto has appeared in certain papers. But the system which really appeals to him, of course, is the one which has been applied by the ruler of a neighboring country who, it is true, never succeeded in being admitted to the Vienna School of Fine Arts himself. But objections which might be raised on that ground must be removed in consideration of the splendid work he has done eradicating wicked, unbridled art.

On his side the independent is irritated by this weak veteran who refuses to disappear; he thinks of David who had the pleasure of suppressing the Royal School of Fine Arts when he reached power with the Revolution. How exciting it would be to remove during the night all these cumbersome sculp-

tures, wens on the face of the City. Both seem to forget that the union of all Frenchmen has been urged in every field, that democracy is a compromise between antagonistic tendencies and that, as there are about one hundred different artistic combinations possible today, a man only has one chance in a hundred to see his own personal ideal imposed on everybody. In the morning the two candidates for dictatorship have a little mental shower bath when they learn of the official solution given by M. Zay, Minister of National Education, who has just declared: "The State which has no esthetic doctrine and must welcome and uphold all forms of national expression, is unable to remain indifferent to all the variety of a production so comforting to our pride."

A visit to the great official Salon formed by the fusion of the so-called Salon with the National Society of Fine Arts is evidently the best way to realize all the aspects of the situation.

In the nineteenth century the varnishing of the Salon was an event of considerable importance. Not only did it stir the upper circles of society, but it also aroused curiosity in the middle classes. Maupassant, the Goncourts and many others have described this artistic-social ceremony in their novels, but perhaps the long account in *L'Oeuvre*, the nightmarish story of an incapable artist by Emile Zola, has the greatest documentary value.

As Zola describes it, after the turnstile was passed "one was stunned by the terrific noise, rolling in the air with an uninterrupted roar. It was something like the fierce clamor of a tempest breaking against the coast, or the rumbling of huge indefatigable armies." After five p. m. the party became quite exciting. "The place was a furnace; crowds like terrorized sheep ran through the rooms over and over again, absolutely unable to find the exit." Zola even observed very rare and curious meteorological phenomena: "the odor of breaths was so heavy that red steam floated!"

(Continued on page 546)

Right: WHISTLER: THE WHITE GIRL. Below: COURBET: FUNERAL AT ORNANS. BOTH PICTURES WERE REFUSED BY THE OFFICIAL SALONS





MARIANNE APPEL: JUNEAU, ALASKA. EXHIBITED IN THE TWENTIETH ANNUAL OF THE WOODSTOCK ARTISTS ASSOCIATION

EXHIBITION REVIEWS

WOODSTOCK ANNUAL

IN SPITE OF the usual black rumors of internal discord, search for signs and evidences of artistic battle in the Twentieth Annual Exhibition of the Woodstock Artists Association this summer is for the most part futile. The show itself is strangely serene. There are fewer experiments, fewer disagreements with the nice and pleasing than has been the case with most Woodstock exhibitions. The local newspaper ushered in the event with headlines announcing that four of the nationally known local celebrities were boycotting the Annual. Actually two of the four were represented, and the others seemed to have adequate and personal reasons for their failure to send canvases. Additional, unpublished rumors of conflict probably indicate nothing more than that Woodstock, like most communities of any kind, is fairly representative of human nature. Even the blushful removal of one drawing seems to indicate nothing more profound.

But with the buzzing of rumor loud in one's ears, the exhibition itself seems a gentle but firm reproach for allowing one's

curiosity to be stirred by vulgar noise. As a whole it has an air of springtime and romance which makes one wonder whether recent efforts to search out social significance have not already become as historical as the upheavals of significant form. Certainly, whether the Twentieth Annual represents a tendency or a breathing spell, its canvases seem to state, with surprising unanimity, "peace, it's wonderful." From Frank London's large, rococo still-life entitled *Gaiety Parisienne* to Paul Gray's pallid surrealist *Perchance to Dream*, and from Joseph Pollet's lush, tentatively mystic *Landscape* to Austin Mecklem's vividly Arcadian *Vacation* at the old swimming hole, there seems to be a general agreement that, while truth and beauty may be synonymous, there are other truths to communicate to an ailing world than the details of the disease. Rudolph Tandler's *Tool Kit*, which in subject matter presents one of the few brief hints of proletarian symbolism, sounds no jarring note even to Norbert Heerman's ravishing *Tuscan Memory* across the room. From the tool kit there droops wistfully a flower, and while obviously a thistle blos-

som, it is no more indicative of capitalistic injustice than the memory is of the corporate state.

Among the figures and portraits, which show a high average of competence, Jo Cantine's *Young Negro Girl* in a brightly tropical setting, is a direct, skillful statement of her subject without either implications or complexities. Judson Smith's *Man with Diary*, while quite as direct, holds suggestions of a brooding relationship between the man and the time and space of which he and his diary are a part. John Nichols' self-portrait entitled *Painter*, disdaining all ideas of suavity in its use of color, seems startlingly shrill in such peaceful surroundings. Yasuo Kuniyoshi's *A Young Girl* is at the same time one of the smallest and one of the most satisfactory pictures of the exhibition.

But it would of course be impossible to find at any time four dozen painters unanimously at peace with themselves, the world and their colleagues. The nostalgic subject matter of the majority of the exhibitors is vehemently repudiated by Paul Burlin with his *Sharks*. The three female card-players seated around a table exist in a quite different world from that of the figures and landscapes of the rest of the show. Their passions, like those of their painter, appear restless, vindictive and impatient with the sort of beauty that "dwells in deep retreats." Likewise Eugene Ludins' view *Across the Pond* is neither pensive nor content. Both these canvases seem to express in their vigorous colors and forms, not peace but endless activity which has not yet subsided into memory. Another canvas which deserves special mention and which fits into neither of these arbitrary categories is Marianne Appel's *Juneau, Alaska*; it shows all the precise charm and eager appreciation for detailed activity which are so characteristic of her work.

Particularly from the viewpoint of the painter it may seem unfair to evaluate an exhibition of contemporary art by any analysis of its subject matter, but since recent years have stressed that problem especially, it is impossible not to be as much interested in the statement the painter has to make as in the clarity and skill with which he makes it. Of course the romantic tendency which seems predominant in the Twentieth Century may be quite coincidental. Or it may be the result of innumerable causes ranging all the way from individual liking to economic frustration. As a matter of fact, in none of the individual painters represented, whose reputations are already established, does the show present any remarkable change. The work of each is quite characteristic. It is only in their coming together as a group that one becomes aware that the tug of war between the ideal and real, between glare and glamor, might not be a tug of war at all but merely the swinging of a pendulum.

—ERNEST BRACE.

forth "Art in New England" as a rounded picture. The crafts and the architecture, the early print-makers, genre—these form the background against which exhibitions of contemporary oils, contemporary water colors and a choice gleaning of New England private collections stand out. Thus the range of productivity, creativeness and taste is rather completely shown.

This series indicates that collaborative effort yields rewards which are reaped not only by the itinerant editor, supposedly on vacation, but by the stalwart native as well. For it offers the New Englander a unique opportunity to take stock of his region.

I hear that museum officials are taking full advantage of a summer with no galleries to be rehung and are themselves traveling to San Francisco, to New York, to Europe or to hideaways in their own land. I don't doubt that some of them left home to avoid the multitudes expected to overflow from the New York World's Fair. The event at Flushing was one excuse for trying the scheme this year. However, if attendance figures at these museums are not up to the expectations, let's hope that the directors and curators will not be discouraged from other collaborative programs in the future. For all its local and state rivalries New England does have a certain homogeneity which should make such undertakings fruitful.

This homogeneity, however, is not discernible in the two contemporary exhibitions, except in subject matter. In the water color exhibition at the Addison Gallery, Andover, there are as many pictures with an all-American flavor as with a



JUDSON SMITH: MAN WITH DIARY. IN THE WOODSTOCK ANNUAL EXHIBITION. THIS SUMMER'S IS THE ASSOCIATION'S TWENTIETH

NEW ENGLAND COOPERATES

AT NO TIME since the pleasing of tourists became a major New England industry have the art museums of those states made such a serious occupation of luring summer visitors. Tourists from less idyllic hills and valleys to the West and South this year can enjoy a collaborative program which sets



PAUL SAMPLE: GREY DAY,
WHITE RIVER JUNCTION. IN THE
ADDISON GALLERY'S WATER
COLOR EXHIBITION "THE NEW
ENGLAND ARTIST INTERPRETS
THE NEW ENGLAND SCENE" ON
VIEW AT ANDOVER TO SEPTEMBER 17

Yankee twang. There are even some that are slightly international in vision and approach. The question of regionalism is now on the wane, I believe, in the dust bowl, but it is frankly raised again by these exhibitions of contemporary work by artists living in New England. In fact the introduction to the Andover catalog states that one purpose of the exhibition is "to allow the observer to judge for himself whether there is in New England today the basis of a regional art." This observer thinks not.

Granted the excellence in the water color medium of such members of past generations as Dodge MacKnight, Maurice

Prendergast, John Singer Sargent and Winslow Homer, each of these men had sufficient individuality, and each was shaped by such disparate influences, foreign or domestic, that as figures in the New England tradition of painting they seem to have had little prophetic value. Of course they are not without their imitators, but imitation is no part of it. Therefore the visitor whose wishful thinking takes the form of yearning for evidences of regionalism in art is again due for a disappointment.

If he feels sad at Andover he will want to weep at the Institute of Modern Art in Boston, where the contemporary New



PREScott JONES: FROM THE
HIGH ROAD. IN THE CURRENT
REGIONAL SHOW AT THE ADDISON
GALLERY, PHILLIPS ACADEMY,
ANDOVER



WALTON BLODGETT: VILLAGE STREET. ALSO IN THE WATER COLOR EXHIBIT AT ANDOVER

PHOTOS COURTESY ADDISON GALLERY OF AMERICAN ART, ANDOVER

England oils are on view. For in this exhibition the bright spots do not shine with a pleasant New England gentility. Eclecticism, frequently successful, and the best of it having little or no connection with an elusive regional tradition, dominates this show even more forcefully than it does the one at Andover. Perhaps this is not so very odd when one reflects that more than half of these resident Yankees were born elsewhere, that still more of them studied in distant places. And the limitation to interpretations of the New England scene, which was probably a handicap to the Andover staff, was not imposed here.

However, it is hardly just to look at these artists' works merely in relation to the methods of selection of the exhibitions. At the Addison Gallery there were several creditable performances. Especially was I glad not to have missed seeing Waldo Peirce's racy *Gilman Falls, Maine*, and Paul Sample's *Grey Day, White River Junction*. The quiet movement through the latter is rendered with delicate washes, in marked contrast to the former's windy rush of bright color accents. I was also glad to have seen again Charles Kaeselau's *The Pool, Wellfleet*; although it is not among his very best water colors it was superior to his two others in this show, both lent by the Federal Art Project, which are not as well organized as one could reasonably expect. Among the water colors by artists with, as yet, slighter reputations I enjoyed Prescott Jones' *From the High Road*, Carl G. Cutler's *Buck Harbour, Maine*, and Walton Blodgett's *Village Street*. Work by Walt Killam and Tom La Farge also commanded attention.

On the whole it struck me that the exhibition of contemporary oils at the Institute of Modern Art in Boston was better than the water color show at Andover. Not only was the

general level higher, but the eminences rose to relatively loftier heights above the surrounding terrain. The most noticeable peaks could be seen in the pictures by Marsden Hartley (*Kennebec River at West Georgetown*, 1938), Susumu Hirota (*Pigeon Cove*, 1939) and Jack Levine (*Street Scene*, 1937). Mr. Hartley knows how to construct a picture with abstract brevity, abstract because of a self-imposed simplification of the problems involved; he spurns the temptations of orchestral color. He is a master of form which some of the youngsters would do well, in their own ways, to emulate. Mr. Hirota on the other hand is more of a colorist; his painting in this show has a wonderful atmospheric quality which he builds with rich pigment, applied with due regard for the sensuous possibilities of the medium. According to the catalog, Mr. Hirota is self-taught; certainly he has learned his craft and he brings to his work a clearly communicated sense of enjoyment in it. Jack Levine on the other hand studied with Denman Ross; curiously his work has a robust sense of life which I find quite lacking in the tidy if skillful studies of his teacher. Mr. Levine laughs wryly at the world he chides, but his point of view in no way interferes with his adept use of oil paint. In describing his work I find I have only to fall back on those hackneyed words "paint quality."

The exhibition has other considerable eminences, not least of which is Karl Zerbe's *Angoulême* (1938-39), a picture which is brilliant but to me a little dry. Alexander James' *Head of Micky* (1937), sensitive and unpretentious, Waldo Peirce's *Maine Swimming Hole* (1938), good though not this artist's masterpiece, Charles Hovey Pepper's effective portrait, *Dr. P.* (1917), and Charles Sheeler's *New Haven* (1935), all deserve mention.



PHOTOS COURTESY MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON

JOHN SINGLETON COBLEY: PORTRAIT OF MRS. GEORGE WATSON, 1765. LENT TO BOSTON MUSEUM'S SHOW BY HENDERSON INCHES

On facing page:

THREE PAINTINGS FROM NEW ENGLAND PRIVATE COLLECTIONS. *Upper left:* MARY CASSATT: *LA CARESSE MATERNELLE*. LENT BY MISS AIMEE LAMB. *Upper right:* TOULOUSE-LAUTREC: *L'HOMME CANON (CAUDIEUX DANS SA LOGE)*. LENT BY THOMAS N. METCALF. *Below:* COROT: *A SAILING BOAT IN HARBOR*. LENT BY MRS. GRAEME HAUGHTON TO THE MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS' EXHIBIT





VIRGIN AND CHILD, FLEMISH SCHOOL, XV CENTURY. LENT TO THE BOSTON MUSEUM EXHIBIT BY MRS. FISKE WARREN

GOING FROM THOSE contemporary shows to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts where paintings, drawings and prints from five centuries of European and American history, borrowed from New England private collections, are on exhibition, was entering another, much bigger world. But the voyage made it clear that the ability of the New England mind to pick and choose has been in every way commensurable with the creative ascendancy of our own culture.

This is the place to give due thanks to the museum staff members who gathered these things together. It is also the place to mention the undeniable usefulness of the catalog and at the same time regret the poor quality of the reproductions, many pitifully undersized. Likewise the catalog would be still more valuable if it contained fuller information about the collections from which the objects came. The interested exhibi-

bition-goer wants to know more about the scope and longevity of several of them. But the museum can be pardoned for ignoring what may, after all, be mere inquisitiveness. The Museum of Fine Arts is not an institution to be swept off its feet even in a World's Fair year.

The first stroll around the galleries reveals the unfettered range of Yankee acquisitiveness as well as its sensitivity. There is a dazzling variety: there are the quiet excellences which one is led by a preconception of puritanism to expect. And there are pieces that won the collector's regard through sheer delight in living, a good New England attribute. Although the nation's more stupendous private collections were constructed in other sections (always excepting Mrs. Jack Gardner's which is now public) in respect to quality the less pretentious collectors of the six states need not hide their blushes.

I had hoped to discover here a direction in New England taste which was in some definite way shared by both collectors and artists. Like most such thoughts taken to an exhibition, it was pretty well dissipated; the only possible connection would be evidence of the spacious mental atmosphere in which the cultivated New Englander moves. Both artists and collectors acknowledge with no sign of resentment their dependence on the old world. But their approach has in it something more than intellect's cold appraisal.

For example, there is the Russian version of *Saint George and the Dragon*, lent by Mr. Fletcher Steele, which must surely catch the eye of any one interested in firm linear design. In the same room I noticed admiringly a little Flemish *Virgin and Child* (c. 1500), lent by Mrs. Fiske Warren. Its appeal lies in the evident earnestness of its unknown author, which seems on the face of it more important than the fact that it was painted on linen. A great deal more accomplished, as one

would expect, is the portrait of a man by Tintoretto, thought by Dr. W. Suida to be one of the master's three known self-portraits. A reproduction of the fine self-portrait in the Louvre, painted when the artist was well along in years, seems to bear a real family resemblance. (Readers will find it in the *MAGAZINE OF ART* for August, 1937, page 474.)

In every room of this show the indispensable quality of vitality is present. But in no chronological grouping was it seen more consistently than in that of the nineteenth-century. In Goya's *A Dwarf* and the uncatalogued portrait of a man by the same artist; in Toulouse-Lautrec's *L'Homme Canon (Cadeux dans sa loge)*; in the small early Corot, *A Sailing Boat in Harbor*; in paintings by Mary Cassatt, Renoir, Degas, Winslow Homer and Manet. And good pictures by Claude Monet, Sisley, Pissarro, by Puvis de Chavannes (*La Grande Soeur*) and by Cézanne and van Gogh made me marvel again at the superb productiveness of the last century. From this display

(Continued on page 544)



TINTORETTO: A MAN, LENT BY
THE MISSES NORTON TO THE
SHOW AT THE BOSTON MUSEUM

PHOTO COURTESY MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON



Watteau: *The Artist's Dream*. Shown by Wildenstein's in the summer exhibition tracing the continuity of the French tradition in painting

NEWS AND COMMENT

Staff Changes at Museum of Modern Art

SCARCELY HAD the staff of the Museum of Modern Art in New York caught its breath after the opening of the new building before the Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees announced changes in the administrative set-up and in personnel.

Alfred H. Barr, Jr., who as Director has borne the brunt of administrative responsibility, will now share his burden with John E. Abbott, Director of the Museum's Film Library. Mr. Barr will henceforth be known as Vice-President as well as Director of the Museum, while Mr. Abbott has been designated Executive Vice-President.

The Committee accepted with regret the resignation of Thomas Dabney Mabry, Jr., as Executive Director, at the same time expressing appreciation for his long record of service and his great contribution during the period of the Museum's growth.

Monroe Wheeler was appointed Director of Publications, to succeed Mrs. Frances Collins, who has resigned. The Com-

mittee recorded its gratitude to Mrs. Collins for her splendid work as editor of the catalogs and bulletins of the Museum.

"Degenerate Art Purchases"

NOR HAS the Museum of Modern Art, with every excuse to spend a quiet summer, been passive in other respects. Recently announced is the acquisition of four oil paintings and one sculpture, formerly the property of museums in Germany but expelled by Nazi order.

All art that does not suit the taste of *Der Fuehrer* he apparently classifies with sweeping impartiality as "degenerate." The term has stuck in the public mind. Thus arbitrarily identified the five purchases bring together an oddly assorted company: the established Frenchmen, Henri Matisse and André Derain; the Swiss-born abstractionist Paul Klee; and two Germans—the Expressionist Ernst Ludwig Kirchner and Wilhelm Lehmbruck, sensitive sculptor of figures in the Gothic tradition, who committed suicide in 1919.

All five of the works are included in the exhibition, *Art in*

Our Time, which continues at the Museum until October. The Derain acquisition is a landscape entitled *Valley of the Lot at Vers* which was painted in 1912 and formerly hung in the Cologne Museum. The Matisse is a still-life, *The Blue Window*, from the Essen Museum and was also painted in 1912. While the landscape may add to Derain's stature in American eyes, it is hard to believe that the Matisse still-life will do anything to enhance that artist's reputation among us.

Paul Klee is well known through his association with the Bauhaus, first at Weimar and later at Dessau, and for his identification with an abstract movement mysteriously known as *Der Blaue Reiter*. The Museum has chosen as representative of his strange talent a painting entitled *Around the Fish*.

Kirchner's *Street Scene* (1913) from the National Gallery, Berlin, is in some ways the most interesting of the purchases, since his work is probably the least known here of the five. Kirchner was the outstanding exponent of what is called German Expressionism, whose major preoccupation, according to one German critic, was "the spirit, the menace, and the soullessness of cities."

Lehmbruck's *Kneeling Woman* is well known here. It has often been published and exhibited. A cast of this graceful figure was acquired last year by the Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo, New York. Mr. Barr describes it as one of the great masterpieces of modern sculpture. With this verdict it is not hard to agree.

Whistler's "At the Piano"

THE NOTES in this issue on Salons past and present by Jacques Mauny, French artist, reminds us that Whistler's *At the Piano*, which recently was sold in London for \$30,000 was rejected by the Salon of 1859. It was, however, exhibited the following year at the Royal Academy in London and purchased by a Scotchman for \$50.

Denver Awards

LANDSCAPE PREDOMINATED in Denver's Forty-Fifth Annual Summer Exhibition, at which Hayes Lyon took the Edward J. Yetter Memorial Prize of \$200 for his canvas, *Winter Vista*. Vance Kirkland's oil, *The Red Rocks in April* received an hon-

Derain: *Valley of the Lot at Vers*. Oil, 1912. One of the "degenerate" paintings recently purchased from Germany by the Modern Museum





Hayes Lyon: *Winter Vista*. Oil. Given the Yetter Memorial Prize for the best oil landscape in the forty-fifth annual show of The Denver Art Museum

orable mention as well as the greatest number of votes by popular ballot. Also receiving honorable mention for oil paintings were John Thompson of Denver for *Lady in the Red Hat*, Dale Nichols of Glenview, Illinois, for *Through the Clouds*, Everett Spruce of Dallas, Texas, for *Brazos River*, Edward Chavez of Colorado Springs for *Night Herd*, F. Drexel Smith, also of Colorado Springs, for *Winter*, and Emil J. Kosa, Jr.,

of Los Angeles for *Mountains of Marathon*. Honorable mentions in other media were awarded as follows: Water colors—Nadine Drummond, Pueblo, Colorado, for *Mountain Rain*, Elmer Plummer, Hollywood, Calif., for *Neish's Dairy Barns*, Elisabeth Spalding for *Road to Foothills*. Prints and Drawings—Roberta Everett, Cranford, New Jersey, Fred Geary, Kansas City; Emil J. Kosa, Jr. Sculptures—Marion Buchan,



Harold Weston: *Green Hat*. Oil. Awarded third prize in the American group at the San Francisco Fair. Last month we inadvertently omitted Mr. Weston's name from the list of winners. Herewith apologies

Marvin Martin, Arnold Ronnebeck. Crafts—Mina Conant, Cleveland.

The jury consisted of Rossiter Howard, Director of the Kansas City Art Institute, Burnham Hoyt, architect, Eugene Trentham, artist, both of Denver.

Syracuse Ceramics and a Bequest

THE SYRACUSE MUSEUM of Fine Arts will hold its Eighth National Ceramic Exhibition from October 1 to 30. The deadline for receiving entries is September 18. The dates of the exhibition are earlier than originally planned, the change having been made to meet the increasing demand for bookings on the circuit after the initial showing in Syracuse.

The success of this annual event is largely due to the efforts of Anna W. Olmstead, Director of the Syracuse Museum. A portion of this year's ceramics exhibition was sent by invitation to the Golden Gate International Exposition, where it is one of the attractions of the decorative arts exhibit.

And speaking of the Syracuse Museum, this summer the institution was bequeathed a painting by a French artist, Firmin-Gerard, which originally was destined for the Chicago Fair of 1893 but was lost in the swamps for fifteen years, presumably having been dropped or stolen from a New York Central train en route to Chicago. According to Miss Olmstead, it was found in a box by a hunter's guide who took it to his cabin. It was there discovered by the late Louis Will, a former trustee of the Syracuse Museum. Mr. Will brought it to the Museum for inspection by Dr. George Fisk Comfort, who was then the Director. Correspondence with the French authorities and with the artist himself soon established the identity of the picture.

Sculptors Guild's New Officers

THE SCULPTORS GUILD has terminated its second successful outdoor show at Park Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, New York. New officers of the Guild are as follows: Executive Board—Cornelia Van A. Chapin, José de Creeft, Dorothea Greenbaum, John Hovannes, Robert Laurent, Oronzio Maldarelli, Berta Margoulies, Warren Wheelock and William Zorach. Dorothea Greenbaum is Secretary, Louis Slobodkin, Treasurer.

Chartres Cathedral

AN ARTICLE by Lansing Warren which appeared in the *New York Times* on August 13 describes the peculiar vulnerability of Chartres Cathedral. For about a half mile away is a large and ever-expanding military aviation camp, which in case of war would be an obvious objective for enemy attack. Mr. Warren points out that even in peace time the position of the Cathedral is not a happy one. Planes circle its spires day and night and there is always the possibility of an accident.

Apparently the French government has received innumerable petitions to remove the aviation camp to a "more respectful distance." However, there are many citizens of Chartres in favor of the close proximity of the air field, since it brings business. Do they forget the countless pilgrims that the Cathedral has brought to Chartres, from the middle ages to the present day?



Ernst Ludwig Kirchner: *Street Scene*. Oil, 1915. Another of the "degenerate" works of art purchased by Museum of Modern Art, New York

Judging from the experiences of the last War, and in spite of the miraculous salvage work that was accomplished in Spain, it is extremely doubtful that the fate of Chartres Cathedral really hangs upon whether an aviation camp is under its spires or a thousand miles away. If it is in the path of destruction, nothing can save it. In the meantime all possible preparations are being made to insure hasty removal of the stained glass windows, and for safe storage in case the need arises.

Congressional Afterthought—Forty-five Years After

IT SEEMS fantastic that Congress should have made an appropriation for a replica of Frederick MacMonnies' *Barge of Columbia*, one of the wonders of the Chicago Fair of 1893, to be erected somewhere in Washington. But apparently it is true. No one yet knows where the crime is to be perpetrated. And we have still to find out whose was the original, not very bright, idea.

MacMonnies' white marble leviathan drawn by nymphs may have caused a stir at the Fair in 1893. It was certainly very large and very expensive. The original now stands in a park in Chicago—but won't the smaller replica be utterly lost in the open-air classical museum which is Washington?

New Hampshire Crafts

THE SIXTH ANNUAL Craftsmen's Fair of the League of New Hampshire Arts and Crafts was held this year in the Field House on the campus of the University of New Hampshire at



Odilon Redon: The Winged One.
Lithograph. Included in the exhibition of Redon lithographs at the Art Institute of Chicago through October 29. The print is in the Institute's deservedly famous Stickney Collection

Durham from August 7 to 12, by invitation of President Englehardt.

This event, which gains increasing popularity as it nears a decade of existence, is held in a different part of the State each year. Not only is craftwork in wide variety displayed and sold at the Fair, but visitors also have the opportunity to see the various objects in the making.

The League was initiated by Mrs. J. Randolph Coolidge, of Sandwich, who had previously organized craftwork among the townspeople and established a center for distribution there. News of her enterprise reached the ears of the Governor. Sponsored by the Legislature the League was organized in 1931, with a volunteer governing council of eleven and a paid, full-time director, who, when not on the road, occupied headquarters in Concord. Groups for craftwork similar to the one organized in Sandwich soon sprang up in other parts of

the State. Standards are set by local and state juries; works are distributed through local centers. This summer League products may be purchased at Andover, Bristol, Concord, Dover, Exeter, Hancock, Lancaster, Keene, Meredith, Nashua, Northwood, Orford, Center Sandwich, Walpole, Wolfeboro, Flume Reservation and Lost River.

League sponsors, justly proud of their undertaking, claim that it has set an example to neighboring states which have initiated similar projects. They point with pride to the economic and psychological benefits it has brought to the people of New Hampshire.

More Archeology for St. Louis

AN EARLY Chinese bronze, a sacrificial wine vessel of graceful proportions, has been acquired by the City Art Museum of St. Louis. It is believed to have come from the excavations at

Anyang, the capital of China during a part of the Shang Dynasty. The vessel, reputed to be at least three thousand years old, has a flaring mouth and long slender stem, resembling a flower vase of the present time. Except for a part of the flaring upper portion and two narrow bands on the stem,

the vessel is decorated throughout in exquisite low relief.

Also recently purchased by the Museum is a canvas by Corot entitled *Girl with a Mandolin*, attributed to the period between 1860 and 1865, when the artist was close to seventy years of age.



Above: Georges Schreiber: *New Orleans Night*. Water color. Recently purchased by the Metropolitan Museum of Art through the Hearn Fund. Right: Esther Williams: *Cape Ann Campers*. Oil. Exhibited in the second part of the Rockport Art Association's Annual Exhibition this summer



Above: Engraved Orrefors crystal by Vecke Lindstrand, one of the younger Orrefors designers. Shown in the Swedish exhibit at the New York Fair. Right: Sacrificial bronze Ku. Chinese, Shang-Yin dynasty. A recent acquisition of the City Art Museum, St. Louis, Missouri

Tarkington's Suppressed Desire

THIS YEAR, when Booth Tarkington was interviewed on his birthday, he confessed that "if he had to do it all over again" he would prefer to be a painter.

"Writing," said the author of *Penrod*, "is made out of cobwebs, and after you're through, what is there to look at? Yes, the painter's life is the most interesting. I'm sort of a defeated painter, you know."

Last year, it will be remembered, Booth Tarkington wrote a novel about an art dealer, entitled *Rumbin Galleries*. Although it was not acclaimed as one of his best efforts, he doubtless had a very good time writing it.

Redon's Graphic Works

AMONG THE summer exhibitions at the Art Institute of Chicago is a selection from the complete graphic work of Odilon Redon, French painter and graver who lived from 1842 to 1916. The Art Institute is fortunate in owning the Stickney Collection, which was assembled by the artist's wife and contains an impression of each of Redon's subjects in lithography.

Some critics feel that Redon's graphic work represents the outstanding phase of his somewhat tentative career. It is said that Fantin-Latour acquainted him with the possibilities of lithography in 1878, when the artist was thirty-six years old.

In it he apparently found a highly satisfactory medium and he continued to employ it until about 1900, when he returned to painting. It is in this later period that he executed his most brilliant flower arrangements.

Redon was a friend of the late Ambroise Vollard, who died in Paris July 22, of the poet Mallarmé and the painter Bonnard. A visionary, his work has an introspective, personal quality that defies all classification or description.

Also on view at the Art Institute of Chicago until October 29 are costumes and folk Art from Central and Eastern Europe; paintings and prints by Whistler, Whistleriana; water color drawings by Thomas Rowlandson; paintings and gouaches by Lester O. Schwartz, young Wisconsin artist who received his training at the Institute School; memorial exhibitions of paintings by Pauline Palmer and Carl R. Krafft; Chinese porcelains and jades of the Ch'ing Dynasty.

"Ethereal Green"

WHETHER AS JUST another crank out for publicity or as an outraged admirer of Watteau's *L'Indifferent*, Serge Bogouslavsky gave officials of the Louvre a start when he patiently stole the picture in June. He didn't make amends in exactly thorough fashion when he returned it last month, restored to what he believes is its original condition. He brought out the "ethereal green color" he claimed museum restorers had obscured. But he doubtless did considerable harm. He's in prison anyhow.





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David Low: *The Man Who Took the Lid Off*. From "A Cartoon History of Our Times" for which Quincy Howe supplies the commentary

NEW BOOKS ON ART

David Low

A Cartoon History of Our Times. By David Low. Introduction and Text by Quincy Howe. New York, 1939. Simon and Schuster. Price \$2.00.

"IF THE UNEXPECTED happens and civilization survives its present crisis, he will surely end his days as one of the first, and most honored, citizens of the world."

In this minor key Quincy Howe concludes his praise of David Low in the introduction to *A Cartoon History of Our Times*, a compilation of newspaper drawings from the scorching pen of the New Zealander who has been called "the greatest cartoonist in the English speaking world." Mr. Howe has selected the cartoons, arranged them according to subject matter and in chronological sequence, and supplied factual commentary on the circumstances which provoked them. Lined up in this fashion they offer a pungent chronicle of recent world events. They also form a battery of wit which fires away full blast at tyrants, cowards, ineffectuals and stuffed shirts.

But for all Mr. Low's ability to make us laugh out loud, no one can be unaware of his underlying seriousness, of the keen intellect and the emotional force behind his caricatures. Their publication in America at this time in book form is an event of real importance.

To discuss the drawings in terms of art as art, or even art as propaganda, would be pretentious and ridiculous. It is enough to remark that David Low has much to say and full command of his means of expression. He has applied himself to his profession all his life and he is rarely fortunate in his ability to give graphic presentation to his ideas. His draftsmanship alone is not what makes his work fairly cry aloud; but it is as firm, as clear and as bold as the mind that directs it.

With one or two exceptions all the cartoons first appeared in the *Evening Standard* of London. Many have previously been published in England in Low's *Political Parade* (1936) and *Low Again* (1938). They span the last decade, beginning with the days of monetary and disarmament conferences and ending with recent cataclysmic events in Spain, Austria and Czechoslovakia. British foreign policy, incidentally, is pilloried without mercy. In this connection it is worth quoting again from Mr. Howe's introduction: "In keeping with the best British tradition, Low's work appears regularly in a paper owned by one of the press lords [Beaverbrook] whose political convictions run precisely counter to the convictions of his leading cartoonist."

Certainly Mr. Low draws an appalling picture of the rise of tyranny and the progress of aggression. The cartoons sweep

on through the years with increasing vehemence, those of the immediate past emerging with less humor and more sting.

The book brings home to us the power of this type of pictorial presentation. It makes one wonder whether we do not undervalue our own cartoonists, many of whom are both wise and gifted. The words of our leading columnists are apt to be taken as gospel, while the works of even our most distinguished cartoonists are all too quickly passed over.—JANE WATSON.

Modern Gardens

Gardens in the Modern Landscape. By Christopher Tunnard. London, 1938. The Architectural Press. Price 15 s.

MR. TUNNARD HAS chosen his title well. It embraces the two elements that concern the landscape architect and puts them in their proper relationship. That is the purpose of this thoughtful and clarifying book: to exhibit the matters with which the modern landscape designer must deal and to explain them.

With his eyes firmly fixed on contemporary problems the author draws freely on the history of landscape design to illustrate and explain the backward and confused situation today. In this way we are able to see clearly how—like every other art—landscape design has been employed by generations, nations, classes and individuals to fulfill their aspirations and make real their dreams.

"A garden is a work of art," writes Mr. Tunnard. "It is also a number of other things, such as a place for rest and recreation, and for the pursuit of horticulture, but to be a garden in the true sense of the term it must first be an aesthetic composition." However much he insists, however, that his aim is primarily esthetic, I am sure that Mr. Tunnard would be the first to admit that he is foremost a creature of his own age, and is speaking primarily of how his art can serve to further the objectives of today. The key to this philosophy is

contained in these two sentences: "Today houses, factories, shops and places of amusement are planned for the needs of the people. When their surroundings, by means of experiment and invention, are similarly planned and projected into the landscape, we shall perhaps have achieved as much as the age which discovered the street, the park and the rationally planned community." In short, Mr. Tunnard is interested in seeing landscape architecture brought again into concert with the other arts, especially with architecture; and he is especially concerned that this new alliance be with the progressive elements in the allied arts.

Now if Mr. Tunnard is interested in developing a new landscape design to meet the needs of the people, and to keep pace with new painting, new sculpture and new architecture, what sort of a design will this result in? We get a very good idea of this from certain historic parallels with the eighteenth-century gardens described by the writer. We also get useful clues from his discussion of the effect of modern painting on planting ideas, especially the work of Monet. We also get other glimpses of future developments in his discussions of sculpture in the garden; and, by the way, it is refreshing to note that when he discusses sculpture it is sculpture, and not the lead rubbish of the garden supply dealer. Finally, there are the handsome illustrations of modern gardens themselves, few, young and half-formed as they are, and some sketches and plans which indicate future programs and developments.

In all, Mr. Tunnard's book is an invaluable one. It is the first serious effort in the field of landscape design to come to grips with the problems of our time that have engaged an entire generation of architects and other artists. And we might as well remember, especially those of us who are interested in architecture, that landscape design is vitally important to architecture, especially modern architecture.

—F. A. GUTHEIM.



The End

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David Low: *The End*. Last drawing in his "A Cartoon History of Our Times."
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EXHIBITION REVIEWS

(Continued from page 533)

I gathered that some New England collectors were adventuring among the Impressionists before it became an indiscriminate American habit.

One thing I noted was the small number of paintings by Americans. Sargent inevitably is present; but he is still claimed by a powerful section of British opinion. Whistler likewise. But while those painters' esthetic stature is in process of re-measurement today, I found nothing here to enhance their reputations. Winslow Homer's on the other hand will certainly only gain by the public exhibition of *The Noon*, lent by Mrs. Thomas Metcalf. An earlier American who was swallowed up by old England, leaving his best work behind him is Copley, here strongly represented by a pair of portraits of Mr. and Mrs. George Watson, the latter painted in 1765, the former three years later. The unswerving honesty and the very considerable skill of these pictures require no comment.

The painting galleries are by no means the most important ones in this exhibition; those devoted to drawings, prints and a few books, merit equally serious study. To glean from those rooms as great a measure of enjoyment would have taken more time than I was able to give. I could not help noticing, however, several drawings and prints by Degas, among them versions which must have anticipated his great pastel, *Mary Cassatt au Louvre*. In them I discovered anew the life in Degas' draftsmanship, so perfectly graphic as to obviate admiration. And that is enough for a satisfied visitor to take from any exhibition.—F. A. W. JR.

LETTER FROM LONDON

(Continued from page 521)

On the other side of the entente are set out several ravishing Bonnards, a breakfast table (*Breakfast in the Garden*, 1904) and a still-life, *The Lilacs* (1925-6). A small Derain seascape of still, flat blue is better than the more usual rather stolid heads. The Matisses are mediocre except for a Fauve landscape of 1906, *Pont Saint Michel*. Bauchant, Dufy (in his usual gay, stylish mood), Vuillard, Utrillo, Segonzac, Rouault, Friesz, Dufresne and Braque are also present, if not always at their best. An unpleasant surprise was the Lurçat, *Vision of Spain*, which serves as a good argument against propagandist painting. It is always pleasant to see old friends again; and the English group, although less familiar, impress-

es one with its boldness of color, easy eclecticism and command of medium.

AT TOOTH'S, PAUL NASH, who also has paintings in the entente, is more fully represented—if one can say "fully" of a show containing only eight pictures. But if few, they are still roses. Having apparently recovered from his bout of Surrealism, Nash's essentially lyrical quality, which his almost austere integrity has always saved from weakness, is once more allowed free expression. Seven large water colors and one superb oil reassert this artist's importance as a colorist and his power of sensitive selection. In the same gallery is an exhibition of the work of Eve Kirk, seven of whose pictures have been placed on the wall opposite the Nashes. The juxtaposition is becoming to both. Miss Kirk's nostalgic style and minute detail accentuate the dignity of scale and straightforward statement of the Nashes: while the shiny surface and palette-knife technic with which she paints architecture are in contrast to the matt, exquisite precision of her neighbor.

The Mayor Gallery pays our allies the compliment of a really good show of Rouaults. Several early canvases make one regret the later brightening of this darkly powerful palette. The *Woman Dressing* and *Big Drum* have a staggering quality of sombre strength. Among the more recent works a *Clown* and a *Circus Dancer* in water color are typical of the best of his lighter, gayer mood. A curious artist, still not completely understood and obviously not destined to become a popular figure, Rouault never seems to lose his thrust, his positive assertion and his essential integrity.

EQUALLY POWERFUL BUT more controversial was the Epstein *Adam* briefly exposed at the Leicester Gallery. Surrounded by thickly hung Epstein drawings of bulbous children, and eight bronzes, its scale, of the size called heroic, was overwhelming. Alabaster of incredibly lovely texture and color made warm a harsh declaration of form. It is an oddly inconsistent piece of sculpture: the back a powerful rendering of moving shapes, the sides and front a stylization into frieze-like formality, the head tilted flatly back into distortion. But perhaps it is not just its largeness that gives the feeling of scale. It has a grandeur of conception and a terrifying honesty. It was purchased at once by an Australian millionaire who has leased it to one of the sideshow impresarios at Blackpool (the local Coney Island) for exhibition at a shilling a peep. Epstein has always contrived to épater les bourgeois, and there was no doubt, from the varying expressions of those who came face to face with their primal ancestor at the Leicester Galleries, that he had done it again. The boardwalk at Blackpool is, however, a far cry from the glossy turnstiles of a London gallery, even though the entrance fee is only twopence less. *Rima* was tarred and feathered by the outraged middle class, but it is clear that the time has come when the holiday-making mill hand is considered advanced enough to shock. It is ironical that Epstein, who has provoked and thriven on sensation in the past,

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should now be "promoted" as a sensation by someone else. It is even more ironical that only his now acknowledged stature as an artist permits the entrepreneur to cash in on a public less interested in art than in anatomy.—ERNESTINE CARTER.

A STANDARD FOR MATERIALS

(Continued from page 520)

vestigating other kinds and classes of artists' materials and these include water colors, tempera colors, drawing papers, brushes, fresco materials and canvases. With strong financial backing, competent technical assistance and freedom from commercial interests this organization is striving to secure for the American artist the best of materials and is encouraging him to use sound techniques which will enable him to produce paintings that are masterpieces of craftsmanship as well as art. If painting is to be regarded as a profession, as it should be, the painter must maintain the technical integrity of his work or else he is defrauding the public. The work of no artist can be justified, regardless of its artistic merit, if the materials used are poor in quality and the painting technically bad in execution. The problem of securing correct materials for oil painting should be partially solved when the Commercial Standard goes into effect. Its wide adoption should clear the way for an approach to the third objective of the Paint Testing and Research Laboratory: the establishment of sound painting methods and techniques.

JACOPO DELLA QUERCIA

(Continued from page 511)

with this group, (and with the statues of Sigismondo in the Carmine and Vincenzo Ferreri in San Spirito), all three authenticated by Tiziano, definitely distinguish the St. John from Gozzarelli's work and establishes it as Francesco di Giorgio's, whether it belongs to the Osservanza group or not. Francesco di Giorgio has a great, though still unexplained, importance in relation to Sienese Pietàs. The Quercegrossa terracotta group, derived from a very fine Bozzetto in the Museo Industriale in Rome which has never been properly studied, seems to me to have borrowed from Francesco di Giorgio's type. It is otherwise difficult to explain how such a minor master could have created so advanced and spatially well planned a group. This supposition is supported by the existence of a Pietà of similar composition in a relief by Francesco in Venice. The St. John of the Cathedral Museum gives us at least an idea of the plane on which Francesco would have solved such a problem. Its association with the Osservanza Pietà is far from certain, and it may indeed be a surviving fragment of a long sought Pietà by Francesco di Giorgio.

To have seen Quercia thus in his historic background and artistic milieu leaves one more than ever impressed by his great stature as a sculptor.

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PARIS LETTER

(Continued from page 525)

There was such a lot to see. There were these immense canvases, town hall size, with the most ambitious humanitarian or historical subjects which invariably looked like personal versions of the Quat'z Arts ball. One picture which obtained success showed a dragon which had just lost its head, carried away by a bullet, charging at the head of a squadron with real enthusiasm. The guillotine, railway catastrophes and even the pawnshop terror of the bourgeoisie, were represented. Blood appeared frequently and particularly in the historical scenes; and in this case a long legend was printed on the frame. All this made the salon ever so educational, but there were also the magnificent nude ladies who finally contributed to the embellishment of *prix fixe* taverns where they had been accepted in payment of a considerable number of *plats du jour, demis* and other ingredients essential for the sustenance of struggling genius.

Some years there were garlands of nude ladies with Mae West comeliness. There were the rustic scenes in which humble but fair farm hands with short skirts invariably looked as if they had spent the whole revenue of the estate in beauty institutes. Or there were those bucolic vagaries in which the same model, generally a poor woman who had riveted her fate on the palette of some unsuccessful artist, appeared in a great many different positions. In certain canvases representing the revolutionary leader vociferating above a blatant mob or the hero making a speech before expiring it was easy to discover the artist's hortatory: "Stop, Philistines, and admit that I have merits. I deserve fame and the little private residence in the Monceaux district." The most thrilling items were reproduced in those special albums printed on glossy paper which, after the war, could still be found in the waiting rooms of second-class dentists.

Quite different is the 1939 Salon. It is extremely quiet and reduced in size. The presentation is modernized and there is absolutely nothing unpleasant about it. On the other hand, it only inspires polite indifference. The real Salon pictures, the pure Beaux-Arts stuff, have practically disappeared. There are more or less impressionistic landscapes, portraits which have the finish, the regularity of high class industrial products and in short what the pseudo-modern decorator can tolerate in his interiors.

The evolution of the Salon is probably summarized in that little office where the "cash and carry" policy is applied. No longer like Genghis Khan's tent, it is now installed in the center of a room. There is something amiable, informal and ultra-modern about it, which suggests the best American commercial tradition. The red steam phenomenon which M. Zola observed at the Salon of 1863 does not occur. A few ladies sitting on sofas discuss little domestic affairs. It has the atmosphere of an ill-fated bourgeois party where debutantes

wait to bring the little cakes for the guests who never arrive.

The union between the British and French nations has reached such a stage of intimacy that the French salons now always contain a British delegation; there was a British group at the last Autumn Salon and there are representatives of the Royal Academy in a sort of *Salon Carré*. If an international modern front does exist or did exist there certainly is also an academic front.

It is doubtful whether the court pictures shown will considerably reinforce royalism in artistic milieux. Royalties were great patrons of the arts in the old days and some good people think that a restoration of royalty would really mean a restoration of the arts. But the pictures which are hung in all royal palaces, the collections made by the late autocrats, reveal what could be expected from them; a collection of etchings made by the last Czar is visible at Tsarkoie Selo and the type of pictures the last Kaiser was particularly fond of is well known. Royalty apparently is bound to execrate the modern artistic spirit. In her memoirs the late Queen Marie of Rumania expresses herself on the matter very frankly. She stood bravely among her soldiers dying from typhus, she saw her country completely occupied by the enemy; but in her royal career there are two things she particularly resented: the obligation to listen to the complaints of the opposition and the obligation to inaugurate or even visit exhibitions of modern art. It must be mentioned, however, that the Prince of Yugoslavia, who has shown a great interest in modern French art, stands as an exception.

Like so many other things today, the real old Salon evidently is doomed. All that was expressed in that world of pictures and sculptures is probably now being expressed in the bad films. But it used to be an essential element in the activity of the nation—like the grand military review of the fourteenth of July, the Grand Prix at Longchamps, the Tour de France and the revue at the Folies Bergère. When one of the high priests changed his model or renewed his genre a little, it was as if the corner store of bourgeoisie had been shaken. In town there was that same unrest which could be observed when a serious Franco-German incident had occurred.

But bantering is easy. Certain Salon men were scrupulous artisans and they maintained contact with the masses who understood and respected them.

• • •

WHERE ARE all these canvases now? It is a great mystery. Perhaps some day a selection of the most extraordinary ones will be shown in a great hall in the amusement park at the next New York World's Fair. The attendants will be dressed like the Paris policemen of 1880, immortalized by cartoonists. There will be a sprinkling of ladies with leg-of-mutton sleeves, officers with brilliant red trousers, cabbies with top hats shining with white ripolin. Loud speakers will diffuse the realistic songs of Bruant and Yvette Guilbert, sentimental songs of 1900 and some Polin military jokes—but perhaps the Institute of France would protest.—JACQUES MAUNY.

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COMPOSER FROM BROOKLYN

(Continued from page 523)

and are still following, in my footsteps. Two qualities possessed by Mademoiselle Boulanger make her unique: one is her consuming love for music; and the other is her ability to inspire a pupil with confidence in his own creative powers. Add to this an encyclopedic knowledge of every phase of music past and present, an amazing critical perspicacity, and a full measure of feminine charm and wit. The influence of this remarkable woman on American creative music will some day be written in full.

My one year in Paris was stretched to two and then to three years. It was a fortunate time to be studying music in France. All the pent-up energies of the War years were unleashed. Paris was an international proving ground for all the newest tendencies in music. Much of the music that had been written during the dark years of the War was now being heard for the first time. Schoenberg, Stravinsky, Bartok, de Falla were all new names to me. And the younger generation was heard from also—Milhaud, Honegger, Auric and the other noisy members of the Group of Six. Works by many composers outside France were performed too—Hindemith, Prokofieff, Szymanowski, Malipiero, Kodaly.... It was a rarely stimulating atmosphere in which to carry on one's studies.

Many of these new works were given their premiere at the Concerts Koussevitzky. Every Spring and Fall Serge Koussevitzky organized and conducted a series of orchestral concerts at the Paris Opera where a feast of new compositions was offered. I attended these concerts regularly for three years with my friend and room-mate, Harold Clurman (at present Director of the Group Theatre in New York). The watchword in those days was "originality." The laws of rhythm, of harmony, of construction had all been torn down. Every composer in the vanguard set out to remake these laws according to his own conceptions. And I suppose that I was no exception despite my youth—or possibly because of it.

(continued from inside back cover)

IF IT IS WORTH \$3.50 a year to you to have, at your fingertips, accurate facts about America's art organizations—local, regional, national, art schools, the art press, fellowships and scholarships in art, art sales, art activity, and art organizations in Latin America and Canada, then you want a copy of New Volume 34 of the American Art Annual, the "Indispensable reference book." Now issued biennially, \$7 the copy, postpaid (\$5.50 to Federation Members). The American Federation of Arts, Barr Building, Washington, D. C.

During my three years in Paris I had composed several *Motets* for unaccompanied voices, a *Passacaglia* for piano, a song for soprano with the accompaniment of flute and clarinet, a *Rondino* for string quartet, and finally a one-act ballet called *Grohg*, my first essay in the orchestral field. With this baggage under my arm I returned to America in June, 1924.

Looking backward fifteen years, I am rather amazed at my own ignorance of musical conditions in America. I mean, of course, conditions as they affected composers. How a composer managed to get his compositions performed or published, and how he was expected to earn his living were equally mysterious. I had left my drab Brooklyn street as a mere student with practically no musical connections. I was returning there in much the same state. As far as I was concerned, America was virgin soil.

The immediate business in-hand, however, was the writing of a symphony for organ and orchestra. Nadia Boulanger was engaged to appear as organ soloist with the old New York Symphony and the Boston Symphony the following winter. Before I left Paris she had had the courage to ask me to supply her with a concerto for her American tour. I, on the other hand, had the temerity to accept the invitation. This, despite the fact that I had written only one work in extended form before then, that I had only a passing acquaintance with the organ as an instrument, and that I had never heard a note of my own orchestration. The Symphony was composed that summer while I perfunctorily performed my duties as pianist in a hotel trio at Milford, Pennsylvania.

I returned to New York in the Fall to finish the orchestration of the Symphony, and began to look about me. Without my being aware of it, post-war activities in Europe had affected American musical circles also. Two organizations had been formed—the International Composers Guild under Edgar Varese and the League of Composers under Claire Reis—shortly after my departure for France. Their purpose was to familiarize the American public with the output of the new composers of the "left." Like many other composers of so-called radical tendencies I naturally turned to them for support. Through the good offices of Marion Bauer I was invited to play some of my works for the Executive Board of the League of Composers. The Board voted to accept my two piano pieces—the *Cat and the Mouse* and the *Passacaglia*—for performance at their November concert. This was the first performance of any of my compositions in my native land. It was followed in January by the performance of the Symphony for organ and orchestra, with Walter Damrosch as conductor and Nadia Boulanger as soloist.

An unexpected incident occurred at this concert, indicative of the attitude toward "modern music" at that period. When the performance of my Symphony was over, and the audience had settled itself for the next number on the program, Dr. Damrosch turned round and addressed his public as follows: "If a young man at the age of twenty-three can write a symphony like that, in five years he will be ready to commit mur-

der." Fearing that the elderly ladies in his audience had been shocked by the asperities of the new style in music, Dr. Damrosch found this way of consoling them. That, at any rate, was my interpretation of his little speech. In any event, his prophecy luckily came to nothing.

The performance of the Symphony brought me into personal contact with the conductor whose concerts I had admired in Paris. Serge Koussevitzky was serving his first term as conductor of the Boston Symphony that winter. Here was a stroke of extraordinary good fortune for me, and for American music generally. For Koussevitzky brought with him from Paris not only his conductorial prowess, but also his passion for encouraging whatever he felt to be new and vital in contemporary music. For fifteen years now he has consistently championed young American music, while continuing to introduce novelties from Europe. We Americans are all in his debt.

Koussevitzky made no secret of his liking for my Symphony. He told me that he had agreed to conduct a chamber orchestra in an all-modern concert for the League of Composers the following winter. It was his idea, agreed to by the League, that I be commissioned to write a new work for that concert. It seemed to me that my first winter in America was turning out better than I had reason to expect.

But one rather important item was being neglected—my financial set-up. For lack of a better solution I had decided to make a living by teaching. In the Fall I had opened a studio on West Seventy-fourth Street in Manhattan, and sent out the usual announcements. Unfortunately the effect of this move was nil. It produced not one pupil. By the time the Symphony had been played in Boston the situation was acute. Something had to be done. It was Paul Rosenfeld who came to the rescue. While still a student in Brooklyn I had read his appreciations of contemporary music in the *Dial*. The morning after the performance of the piano pieces at the League concert, he called me up to tell me how much he liked them. (I couldn't have been more surprised if President Coolidge had telephoned me.) It was 1924; money was plentiful and art patrons numerous. Through a mutual friend Rosenfeld was asked if he could not find a musical Maecenas to come to the aid of an indigent young composer. Rosenfeld said he could, and did. Shortly afterwards, the Guggenheim Memorial Foundation was established for a preliminary trial year, and I was awarded the first Fellowship extended to a composer. This was renewed the following year, and so financial stability was assured until the Fall of 1927.

Now I was free to devote my entire energies to the composition of the new work for Koussevitzky's League concert. I was anxious to write a work that would immediately be recognized as American in character. This desire to be "American" was symptomatic of the period. It made me think of my Symphony as too European in inspiration. I had experimented a little with the rhythms of popular music in several earlier compositions, but now I wanted frankly to adopt the jazz idiom and see what I could do with it in a symphonic way.

Rosenfeld suggested the MacDowell Colony as a good place to work during the summer months. It was there that I wrote my *Music for the Theatre*, a suite in five parts for small orchestra.

It was also at the MacDowell Colony that I made the acquaintance of another young American composer in embryo, Roy Harris. I already knew Virgil Thomson and Douglas Moore from my Paris days, and shortly after meeting Harris I came to know Roger Sessions, Walter Piston and Carlos Chavez. These contacts with kindred spirits among fellow-

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composers led me to take an active interest in the welfare of American composers in general. The first problem to be attacked was the matter of performance. We thought that American compositions were not being performed enough. (They are still not performed enough, it seems to me.) With Roger Sessions I organized a series of concerts under the name of the Copland-Sessions Concerts, which functioned from 1928-1931. American music made up the bulk of our programs—that was our one innovation. Later, I was active in organizing several festivals of American music at Yaddo, in Saratoga Springs, New York. The serious composers themselves have, more recently, formed the American Composers Alliance to protect their economic interests in their music.

The jazz element in *Music for the Theatre* was further developed in my next work, a Concerto for piano and orchestra, which I played as soloist with the Boston Symphony in Boston and New York. This proved to be the last of my "experiments" with symphonic jazz. With the Concerto I felt I had done all I could with the idiom, considering its limited emotional scope. True, it was an easy way to be American in musical terms, but all American music could not possibly be confined to two dominant jazz moods: the "blues" and the snappy number. The characteristic rhythmic element of jazz (or swing, to give it its new name), being independent of mood, and yet purely indigenous, will undoubtedly continue to be used in serious native music.

In 1929, just before the economic crash, the RCA Victor Company offered an award of \$25,000 for a symphonic work. This unprecedented sum obviously implied a composition of major proportions. With this in mind, I began work on a big, one-movement symphony which I planned to submit for the prize under the title: *Symphonic Ode*. Unfortunately, two weeks before the competition was to close officially, I realized that I could not finish my Ode in time. In despair at having nothing to offer, I seized upon the old ballet *Grohg*, written in Paris, and extracting three of the movements I liked best, called the whole a *Dance Symphony* and sent it in on the final day. The judges found no one work worthy of the full award, and so decided to divide it among five of the contestants. My *Dance Symphony* won me \$5,000. The *Symphonic Ode* was finished subsequently and performed as one of the works celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the Boston Symphony.

In retrospect it seems to me that the Ode marks the end of a certain period in my development as a composer. The works which follow it are no longer so grand or so fulsome. The *Piano Variations* (1930), the *Short Symphony* (1933), the *Statements* for orchestra (1935) are more spare in sonority, more lean in texture. They are difficult to perform and difficult for an audience to comprehend.

During these years I began to feel an increasing dissatisfaction with the relations of the music-loving public and the living composer. The old "special" public of the modern music concerts had fallen away, while the conventional concert public continued apathetic or indifferent to anything but the

established classics. It seemed to me that we composers were in danger of working in a vacuum. Moreover, an entirely new public for music had grown up around the radio and phonograph. It made no sense to ignore them and to continue writing as if they did not exist. I felt that it was worth the effort to see if I couldn't say what I had to say in the simplest possible terms.

My most recent works, in their separate ways, embody this tendency toward an imposed simplicity. *El Salon Mexico* is an orchestral work based on Mexican tunes; *The Second Hurricane* is an opera for school children of high school age to perform; *Music for Radio* was written on a commission from the Columbia Broadcasting Company especially for performance on the air; *Billy the Kid* is a ballet written for the Ballet Cravan which utilizes simple cowboy songs as melodic material; *The City* is music for a documentary film no more complex than the Hollywood product. The reception accorded these works in the last two or three years encourages me to believe that the American composer is destined to play a more commanding role in the musical future of his own country.

MR. COPLAND'S MUSIC

SINCE A RECORD of Mr. Copland's compositions prior to 1938 appears in *Composers in America* by Claire Reis, published by the Macmillan Co., New York, we list here only works completed since that date, together with data concerning phonograph recordings of his music.—THE EDITORS.

COMPOSITIONS (1938-39)

Orchestra: *An Outdoor Overture* (1938), published by the Arrow Music Press.

Ballet: *Billy the Kid* (1938), performed this Spring by the American Lyric Theatre, New York.

Film: *The City* (1939).

Stage: Incidental Music for *The Five Kings* (1939), a Mercury Theatre production; *The Quiet City* (1939), a Group Theatre production.

Choral: *The Lark* (1939), poem by Genevieve Taggard. For unaccompanied mixed voices.

RECORDINGS

El Salon Mexico (Boston Symphony Orchestra—Serge Koussevitzky, conductor)—RCA Victor.

Piano Variations (performed by the composer)—Columbia. *Vitebsk*—Trio for violin, 'cello and piano (performed by Ivor Karman, David Freed and the composer)—Columbia.

Nocturne for violin and piano (performed by Jacques Gordon and the composer)—Columbia.

Ukelele Serenade for violin and piano (performed by Jacques Gordon and the composer)—Columbia.

Vocalise for soprano and piano (Ethel Luening and the composer)—New Music Quarterly.

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Addison Gallery of American Art: The New England Scene by New England Artists; to Sept. 17. Paintings by Charles & Maurice Prendergast; Dunlap Exhibition; from Sept. 23.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

Walters Art Gallery: Paintings of Scenes from Mohammedan Lands by 19th Century Artists. Arms & Armor.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Institute of Modern Art: Contemporary New England Oils; to Sept. 4.

Museum of Fine Arts: Drawings & Prints from Private Collections in New England; to Sept. 10.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Brooklyn Museum: Historic American Popular Arts. Mexican Beadwork; to Sept. 17. World's Fairs of Yesterday; to Oct. 1.

BUFFALO, NEW YORK

Albright Art Gallery: New Paintings & Sculpture for Room of Contemporary Art; from Sept. 26. Exhibition of Architecture, Mies van der Rohe; Sept. 14-Oct. 15.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Art Institute of Chicago: Memorial Exhibitions of Paintings by Pauline Palmer & Carl R. Krafft. Paintings & Gouaches by Lester O. Schwartz. Works by James A. McN. Whistler. Water Colors & Drawings by Rowlandson. Lithographs by Odilon Redon. Costumes & Folk Art from Central Europe. Chinese Porcelains & Jades; to Oct. 29.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

Cincinnati Art Museum: French 19th & 20th Century Prints; to Sept. 25. Early American Paintings; American Prints; to Sept. 25.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

Cleveland Museum of Art: Coralie Walker Hanna Memorial Exhibition; to Oct. 29. Contemporary European Prints; to Oct. 1.

GLoucester, MASSACHUSETTS

Gloucester Society of Artists: 2nd Exhibition; to Sept. 11.

HAGERSTOWN, MARYLAND

Washington County Museum: Painting & Sculpture from Permanent Collection; to Oct. 1.

LAGUNA BEACH, CALIFORNIA

Laguna Beach Art Association: 21st Anniversary Exhibition.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Los Angeles Museum: Japanese Minor Arts. Chinese Woven Fabrics. Chinese Pewter. American & European Samplers. Decorative Arts. American Silver. Exhibition by Federal Art Project of Southern California; to Oct. 5.

MANCHESTER, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Currier Gallery: Exhibition of Paintings,

Prints & Sculptures by Artists of Maine, New Hampshire & Vermont; to Sept. 25.

MANCHESTER, VERMONT

Southern Vermont Artists Association: Annual Exhibition; to Sept. 6.

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

Milwaukee Art Institute: 18th International Water Color Show, Art Institute of Chicago; to Sept. 24.

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

Newark Art Museum: Exhibition of Metal-work; from Sept. 28. Tibetan Exhibition. Japanese Art.

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

Yale University Gallery of Fine Arts: New England Silver; to Sept. 10.

NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT

Lyman Allyn Museum: New England Architecture of Three Centuries.

NEW YORK CITY

American Fine Arts Galleries, 215 W. 57 St.: 50th Anniversary Exhibition National Association Women Painters & Sculptors; to Sept. 30.

American Museum of Natural History, 77th St. & 8th Ave.: Primitive & Native Arts; to Nov. 1.

Arden Gallery, 460 Park Ave.: Chinese Objects from Imperial Palace; to Oct. 28.

Associated American Artists, 711 5th Ave.: 9th Anniversary Exhibition by An American Group; Sept. 18-Oct. 2. New Series Etchings & Lithographs by Associated American Artists; Sept. 20-Oct. 25.

Babcock Galleries, 38 E. 57 St.: Paintings by 19th Century & Contemporary American Artists.

Bignou Gallery, 32 E. 57 St.: 20th Century French Painters & Picasso.

Ferargil Galleries, 63 E. 57 St.: American Colonial Painting—Stuart, Trumbull, Earl, Cole, etc.

Grand Central Galleries, 15 Vanderbilt Ave.: Founder's Show; to Nov. 7.

Grant Studios, 175 Macdougal St.: Paintings by Josephine Paddock. Water Colors by Daniel R. Huntington; to Sept. 24.

Marie Harriman Gallery, 63 E. 57 St.: French Modern Masters.

Kraushaar Galleries, 730 5th Ave.: Modern French & American Paintings.

William Macbeth Gallery, 11 E. 57 St.: Group Exhibition by American Painters.

MacDowell Club, 166 E. 73 St.: Work by MacDowell Fellows; to Sept. 30.

Pierre Matisse, 51 E. 57 St.: Summer Exhibition by French Moderns.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, 5th Ave. & 82 St.: American Life for 300 Years; to Oct. 29. Contemporary American Paintings. Prints from Warburg Collection.

Milch Galleries, 108 W. 57 St.: Group Show by Kroll, Bruce, Sterne, Etnier, Speight, Brackman & Others.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36 St.: Special Exhibition from Permanent Collection.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53 St.: Art in Our Time.

New York Public Library, 5th Ave. & 42 St.: Drawings by Charles Dana Gibson.

Georgette Passedoit Gallery, 121 E. 57 St.: Sculpture by Archipenko; Sept. 1-15. The Fair in Water Colors by Margaret Huntington; Sept. 18-30.

F. K. M. Rehn Gallery, 683 5th Ave.: Paintings by Rehn Group.

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Drive: Contemporary Painting, Sculpture & Applied Arts from 9 Latin American Countries; to Sept. 17.

Studio Guild, 730 5th Ave.: 3rd Revolving Exhibition.

Hudson Walker, 38 E. 57 St.: Oils, Drawings & Prints by Orozco; Sept. 25-Oct. 14.

Walker Galleries, 108 E. 57 St.: Group Exhibition; Sept. 5-30.

Weyhe Gallery, 794 Lex. Ave.: Foreign & American Prints. Original Drawings. Primitive African & Mexican Sculptures. Sculptures by Modern American & European Artists.

Wildenstein & Co., 19 E. 64 St.: The Great Tradition in French Painting; to Oct. 1.

NORTHAMPTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Smith College Museum of Art: 19th & 20th Century Painting & Sculpture.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Philadelphia Museum: Chinese Art. Winslow Homer Water Colors. Educational Exhibition—Self-Portraiture in Reproductions.

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

University of Pittsburgh: Modern Chinese Painting; Sept. 11-23.

PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

Berkshire Museum: Annual Exhibition Pittsfield Art League; to Sept. 17.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

Rhode Island School of Design Museum: Rhode Island Architecture; to Oct. 22.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

Seattle Art Museum: Work by Seattle Artists; to Oct. 1.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Whyte Gallery: Summer Exhibition of Work by Regional Artists.

WILLIAMSTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS

Lawrence Art Museum: Paintings by Berkshire Artists; to Sept. 12. Oils and Water Colors by Dwight Shepler; Sept. 15-Oct. 15.

WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

Worcester Art Museum: Historic New England Prints; to January, 1940.

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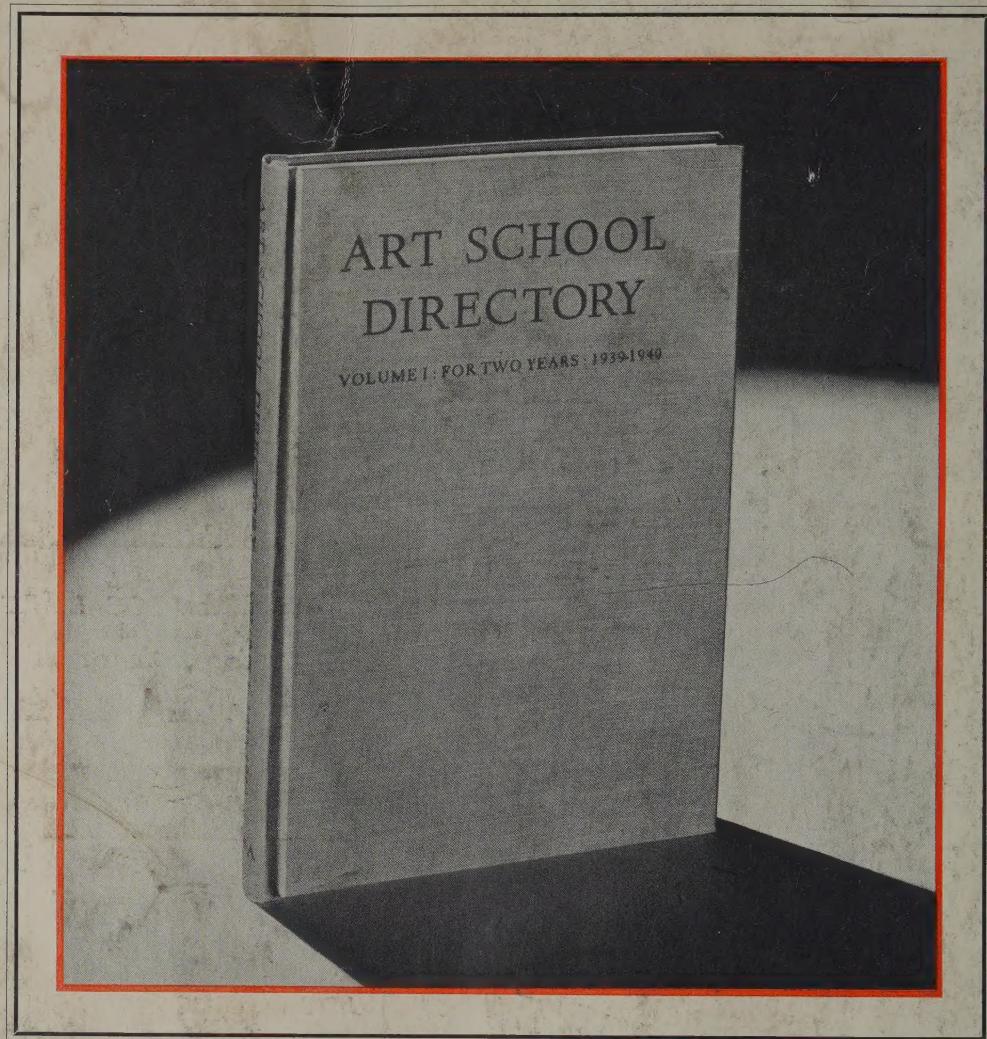


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